Southern
VOLUME X THIRD QUARTER 1990 $3.50

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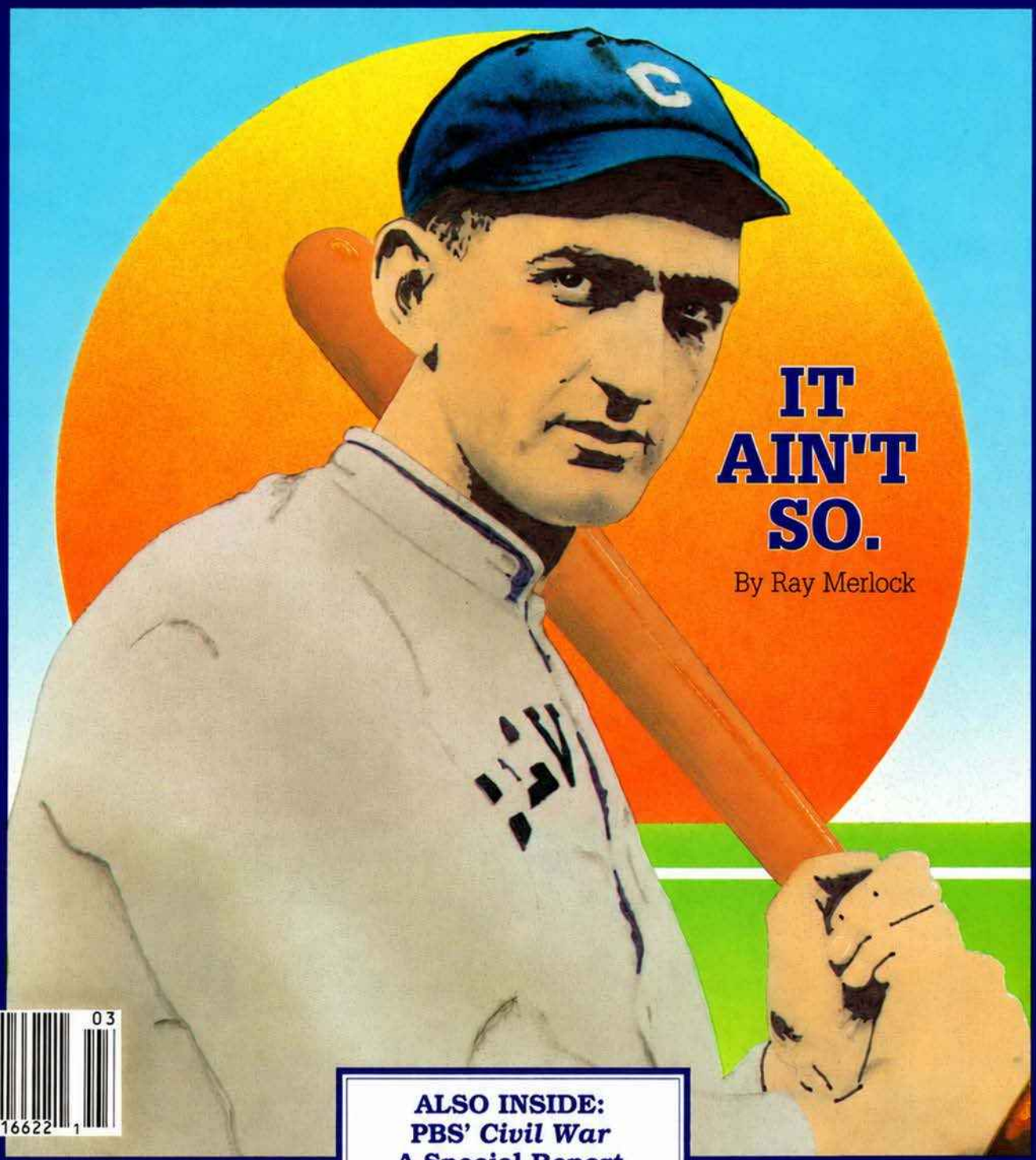

IT AIN'T SO.

By Ray Merlock

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ALSO INSIDE:
PBS' *Civil War*
A Special Report

MICHAEL GNATEK, JR.

Dealer inquiries welcome

Crowned With Glory

The colonel pointed his gleaming sword
to where the Yankee cannon roared.
"That battery! We've got to charge it!
Guide on the center, color sergeant!"

As the mottled ranks of brown and gray
lined in neatly ordered array,
the color sergeant strode to the fore,
where all could see the flag he bore.

Pure white stars on a cross of blue
fluttered on the bright red furls that flew
full of hope and aspiration,
the defiant symbol of a proud new nation.

Frayed and ragged and battlescarred,
escorted by an eight man color guard,
it led the way across that flaming field
where the Yankee guns stood wheel to wheel.

Bullets and shells began to whine,
and tore great gaps in the Rebel line.
The colonel reeled, the sergeant fell dead,
cut down in the hail of whistling lead.

The regiment staggered and began to waver,
except a young corporal, who was a little braver.
Tearing the flag from his dead brother's grasp,
he turned to his comrades. "Come on!" he rasped.

The sight of that boy waving the flag on its pole
was enough to stir every Southerner's soul.
Raising their fearsome Rebel yell
they charged into that man-made hell.

The corporal led them at a run
into the mouths of those blazing guns.
Rushing headlong into the enemy's midst,
they fought with clubbed muskets, bayonets, and fists.

When it was over, the boy paused to rest,
cradling the flag up close to his chest.
A simple bandage was soaked with red,
where a Yankee bullet had creased his head.

It might have been at Shiloh, Atlanta, or Antietam.
Johnny Reb would follow if the flag was there to lead 'm.
That bullet riddled banner told a brave man's story,
and the bloody rag wrapped round his head
became a crown of glory.

David Evans
1990

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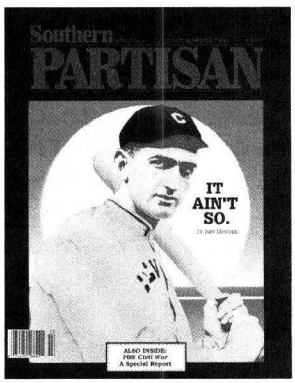

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Southern
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PARTISAN LETTERS

FRIENDLY FIRE

I NORMALLY DO NOT RESPOND to criticism. Any person, knowledgeable or otherwise, is, entitled to his opinion. However, I am deeply into research for what I hope will be a major biography of General "Stonewall" Jackson. Because of my conscientious work on, and lifelong affection for, General Jackson, I find David Bovenizer's statement on page 52 of the current issue of *Southern Partisan* to be so inaccurate that it is insulting and, to me, slanderous.

Bovenizer states that I find Jackson dominated by "religious fanaticism." That is a gross distortion. I have always considered the General zealously religious. Anyone remotely familiar with Jackson would arrive at the same conclusion. Bovenizer's additional misstatement that I regard Jackson as motivated by "thinly veiled ambition" is blatantly false.

Bovenizer lives in central Virginia. However, he is obviously unaware of laudatory addresses on Jackson I have given in recent months to the Civil War Round Table in Richmond and to the Stonewall Jackson Symposium in Lexington. Bovenizer is obviously unaware of a well publicized review in the Richmond *News-Leader* in which I blasted Jackson "biographer" John Bowers for an asinine belief that ambition was a chief characteristic of Jackson's life. Bovenizer is obviously unaware of any of the voluminous writings I have done on Jackson, with the possible exception of the A. P. Hill biography. There, like a good biographer, I portrayed figures as the subject of the book perceived them. Bovenizer is obviously unaware that I have undertaken a Jackson study because hundreds of Civil War buffs and dozens of Civil War historians feel that I am the most qualified person to tell Jackson's story as it should be told: with understanding, fairness, and sympathy.

Dr. Tom Connelly and I are close friends. He will be as amused as I am resentful that Bovenizer would dare equate my always-positive attitude toward Jackson with his sometimes-critical approach to Lee.

Bovenizer's statements about my interpretation of General Jackson are erroneous and maliciously misleading. Such statements, appearing in a publication whose purpose and content I have previously admired, is a disservice to you and a degradation of me.

James I. Robertson, Jr.
Blacksburg, Virginia

Mr. Bovenizer Responds:

One can only marvel at the vehemence of Dr. Robertson's protest of a mere one-sentence allusion to his interpretation of Stonewall Jackson's character and faith. After all, this allusion came in a lengthy review of another author's novel about Robert E. Lee. In addition to over-construing an obvious generalization, Dr. Robertson--Bud--offers no corrective (which would be welcomed) from the record, relying, instead, on the argument from ad hominem and the first-person pronoun. Indeed, for reasons which oth-

ers must explore, Bud does not acknowledge that we have tramped together over most of the battlefields of Virginia during several of his (excellent) annual week-long Civil War Institutes. Nor, that his inscription and commendation grace my copy of his The Stonewall Brigade*; nor that, in the twelve years of our acquaintance, he has known me to have tended to his speeches on at least a dozen occasions in many places, — including as a member of both the Washington, D.C.,* and *the Richmond Civil War Round-Tables. Bud addressed the Richmond Table as recently as last December; his subject was...Stonewall Jackson.) Others present at these forums may decide the contention whether the characterizations cited in my review, especially "religious fanatic," have ever passed Bud's lips in speaking of Jackson. Naturally, but also respectfully, I would maintain that they have. More importantly, I would maintain that Bud has not, in the sense familiar to students of Eric Voegelin, endeavored to explore the essential subject of my review, namely, the conscious-ness of men such as Lee and Jackson as it is distinct from the deformed consciousness of the modern era.*

Jackson was a man of such idiosyncracy that he has always evoked varying interpretations, especially between those who (like Bud Robertson) do not and those (such as myself) who do share Jackson's Calvinistic faith and Presbyterian polity. Perhaps only a duel could settle some of these squabbles, especially when marred by such inappropriate terms as Professor Robertson employs. Your choice, then, Bud: knives, swords, or pistols?

DEMOCRATIC RESPONSE

Gentlemen:

THAT INCREDIBLE MESS of journalistic tripe on the Trivium page of *Southern Partisan* (Second Quarter 1990) ought to be answered.

The column's author, Matthew Sandel, avers: "When I grew up the only Republicans in our town were a couple of transplanted Yankees and a small group of black businessmen and preachers." I suppose the "transplanted Yankees" were Mr. Sandel's parents...

Many were the times that I heard my grandparents speak of that great, great day for our Southland, November 4, 1884, when Democrat Stephen Grover Cleveland was elected our people's President after 24 years of Republican rule that began with Abe Lincoln and his War. In his first term, President Cleveland won the hearts of our people by courageously vetoing extravagant pension bills for Union veterans of Lincoln's War.

It affords me great satisfaction today to know that Jefferson Davis became my people's president exactly two weeks before the inaguration of Abe Lincoln, and remained our President until nearly a month after the death of the War criminal Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln was never my people's President.

Any Southern state that recognizes a "Lincoln Day" spits on the graves of our Confederate forebears. So, believe me, I do feel uncomfortable supporting Republicans.

William Iverson
Athens, Georgia

Editor's Note: Please see this quarter's Trivium. It should be more to your liking.

NEGLECTED NO MORE

Gentlemen:

I WANT TO THANK YOU SO much, on behalf of the Trustees of the St. Photios Greek Orthodox National Shrine, for your tremendous coverage of this "Neglected Southern Landmark."

We are grateful for the additional exposure you have provided and hope that readers of the *Southern Partisan* will be inspired by your fine article to visit the St. Photios Shrine and share our story.

Archimandrite
Dimitrios Couchell
Executive Director
St. Photios Foundation
St. Augustine, Florida

BOOTH'S BLUNDER

Gentlemen:

READING MARK BREWER'S probe into the mind and heart of John Wilkes Booth, I was reminded of two books touching upon Booth.

The first of these, published in the 1930s, is called *If*, or *History Rewritten*, edited by J.C. Squire. In it a dozen historians choose their favourite "ifs" in history and show what might happen "if". For instance, Winston Churchill shows the world after Lee's victory at Gettysburg. More to my present point, Milton Waldman contributes "If Booth Had Missed Lincoln." Lincoln, only grazed by the bullet, survives--and, in due course, is impeached and goes down in history, not as the martyred "saint" but as the worst president in U. S. history. What is remarkable about the "what might have been" is the convincing inevitability of Lincoln's downfall. It may be that Booth's bullet gave Lincoln the crown of greatness.

The other book brought to

mind is James Branch Cabell's reflections on his Virginia, entitled (in both senses of the words) *Let Me Lie.* This intelligent, witty, graceful book, published in 1947, should not be neglected by Southerners. In the chapter "Almost Touching the Confederacy," he speaks of growing up in late 19th century Virginia, listening to the talk of his elders about the War. From time to time the name of John Wilkes Booth would arise, he who had been, as Mark Brewer points out, admired as an actor and liked as a person. And the well-bred Virginian would invariably reply: "Young Booth, suh, through the most excellent of motives, made a tragic blunder." And then the unchanging Virginian of the 1880s would serenely dismiss the whole matter.

Sheldon Vanauken
Lynchburg, Virginia

LIBERALS IN GRAY?

Gentlemen:
ONE SHORT COMMENT ON Vernon Cole's letter ["Pro-Abortion Liberal Democrat"--Second Quarter 1990 issue]:
I don't imagine there were many liberals in Confederate uniforms in 1861-65.

Eugene M. Stevens
Wilomico, Virginia

QUESTION TIME

Gentlemen:
FIRST, I LIVED IN NORTH Carolina for about 22 years and wish I had stayed there! I very much like Southern people and their way of life, especially their foods--fried chicken, hot biscuits, N.C. country ham.
Now, some questions for you.
1. I deeply admire Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. But, I often ponder about this: Both considered themselves true Christians, and they tried their best to be so. But, by putting their military genius on the Southern side, they greatly prolonged the War and caused the deaths and maiming of many thousands. What would Christ, who preached non-resistance, think about this? How did they reconcile this?
2. There's an old Latin saying: "Tot homines, tot opiniones"--"there are as many opinions on controversial things as men." If the South had won the War, and proved their legality, what would have prevented the eventual Balkanization of the South, on that very same legal right?

W. A. Gilfry
Quinter, Kansas

Editor's Note:
(1) On the contrary, Jesus taught us to resist many things, including sin and money-changers. His Father led Israel intobattle and caused the sea to swallow up the infidels. Surely the South was entitled, within the teachings of the gospel, to defend itself. Lee and Jackson fought to win, not to prolong war. It was Grant who butchered as many men in one month as we lost in a decade of Vietnam.
(2) The CSA of 1861 was far more homogeneous that the USA of 1860. If we had won our independence, once in a while, we might have had little spats between States. But after sacrificing together for four long and bloody years of war, it seems unlikely that States with so much in common would have Balkanized. Who knows? We might even have formed defense alliances with the North and erected a Pentagon on the Potomac. But we wouldn't have Yankees telling us how to think or stashing our money in those New York temples.

ERODING FREEDOM

Gentlemen:
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I have ever written to any editor for any reason; but I felt I must express myself at least this one time before I die.
I grew up in the deep South as a native Georgian. I *know* how things used to be here regardless of what anyone says. But, as I see our country deteriorate I feel one of the prime contributors to this downward slide are the civil rights laws. Since the enactment of these laws, everyone has the freedom to do whatever is "right in [his] own eyes." I believe this is wrong. I have always felt that freedom in this country has been the freedom to do what you *ought* to do, not what you *want* to do. Alas, I can see no hope for us.
I love your magazine. I never knew that there were so many other men (and women) who felt as I do. That is refreshing.

W. A. Stancliff, Jr.
Lawrenceville, Georgia

WELCOME

Gentlemen:
ALTHOUGH EUROPEAN BY birth, American by choice, I am proud to be Southerner by conviction.
Southern Partisan, to me, represents America I fall in love with.
Thank you for being.

Leo E. Antloga
Cedar Mountain, North Carolina

Editor's Note: We *recently shipped a number of cases of* Southern Partisan *to Eastern Europe. We hope they agree with you!*

PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn

Life and Death

Will you help respond to a major challenge?

This issue of *The Southern Partisan* will be the last you will receive in 1990. By the time you hear from us again, the Christmas season will be over and all the best people of America will have celebrated Robert E. Lee's Birthday.

As the year winds to a close, we are facing a substantial financial deficit. The war effort is expensive. The problem is that most advertisers regard us as "controversial" (which is to say that we habitually tell the truth) and the faithful, like you, dear reader, can reasonably be charged only so much for a subscription. Consequently, revenues are never quite equal to the cost of publication, and, with each issue, the deficit swells.

To stay alive, in the past, we have often been forced to write our subscribers and ask for a contribution to the cause. Owing directly to your generosity, we continue to publish.

This year, one of our editors had a bright idea. "Why don't we urge all of our readers to give subscriptions to *The Southern Partisan* for Christmas?" he said. "That way we will receive a transfusion of funds to pay the bills as well as a large batch of new readers."

In a sense, of course, we have done that every year, with a special advertisement suggesting that you give *The Southern Partisan* for Christmas. So our editor's idea was more a matter of emphasis.

Therefore, I am devoting this column to a naked plea: this Christmas, please give as many gift subscriptions as possible--to friends, relatives, strangers, libraries. If even half of our readers respond to this call, we will be able to pay our bills and begin 1991 solvent and full of fire. If our readers do not respond, well, let's not even think negatively. *The Southern Partisan* will survive.

Obviously, I am uncomfortable using the space of this column for what might appear to be a marketing purpose. But the term "marketing" suggests the promotion of a transaction for profit. We have never made a profit here. We do not publish for that purpose. The sporadic work that I provide as editor and indeed the services of our publisher and most of our editors--all these folks work for no pay. They work simply because they believe in *The Southern Partisan.*

You will find the Christmas Gift Subsciption advertisement on the back cover of this issue. *Your* magazine needs your help.

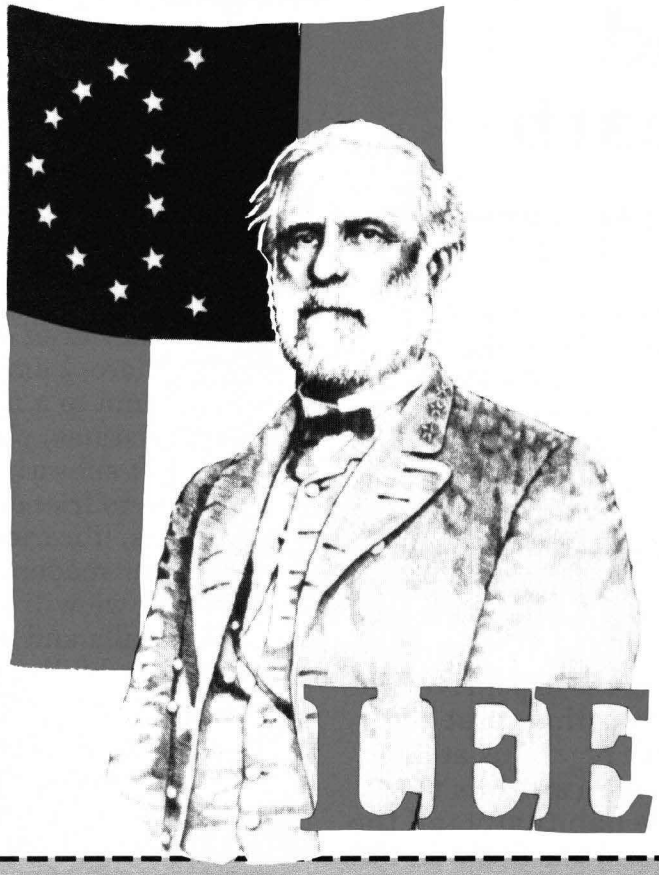
On another subject, related by virtue of the Christmas season, I recently read a self-interview Walker Percy contributed to *Esquire* magazine. Percy, who died earlier this year, remained a vigorous Christian to the end, owing no doubt to the powerful influence of his Uncle, William Alexander Percy, whose book, *Lanterns on the Levee,* is one of the most neglected classics in American literature (neglected because of his powerful defense of the South).

In the last decade of his life, Walker Percy offered this very Southern reflection:

This life is much too much trouble, far too strange, to arrive at the end of it and then be asked what you make of it and have to answer 'Scientific humanism.' That won't do. A poor show. Life is a mystery, love is a delight. Therefore I take it as axiomatic that one should settle for nothing less than the infinite mystery and the infinite delight, i.e., God. In fact I demand it. I refuse to settle for anything less. I don't see why anyone should settle for less than Jacob, who actually grabbed aholt of God and wouldn't let go until God identified him and blessed him.

May He also bless you and your family this Christmas season and in the years ahead. ✪

Now's The Time For All Good Southerners To Come To The Aid Of Their Magazine



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TRIVIUM

by Matthew Sandel

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

The Republicans Ain't So Hot Either

In the last column I wrote, I talked about a Democrat I knew, a man who embodies everything I find offensive in the Democratic Party; and shortly after the magazine came out, the letters began to arrive. They fell into two categories. The ones from Democrats claimed I was a rich Republican who drove a Mercedes, played golf every weekend, and hated people who made under $30,000 a year. The ones from Republicans congratulated me for telling the truth, complained about the capital gains tax, and said the evangelical Christians were going to ruin the Party.

Presently I drive a Chevrolet, the model of which I have forgotten; and I haven't played golf since I was in the tenth grade. I know and love plenty of people who make less that $30,000 a year, most of whom are members of my family.

As for Republican letter writers, I have some arrows in my quiver for them as well. Let me tell you about the Southern Republican, the guy who runs the Party in every city of every state below the Mason-Dixon Line. He's an old acquaintance of mine. I met him in 1962, when I was working for Bill Workman, the first GOP candidate for the U.S. Senate since the Hayes-Tilden Compromise.

I can't remember whether this guy was a lawyer or a real estate developer. I only know he had a big office with a henna-haired secretary and a collection of elephants on his shelves--some brass, some carved wood, one made by Steuben. He always wore a pin-stripe suit, and he had the prettiest set of teeth I'd seen outside a zoo. I sat down in a red leather chair that sighed, and it took me about a half hour to realize that he and I had absolutely nothing in common.

He was polite and hearty, but coolly aloof. His office, his red leather chairs, his henna-haired secretary invested him with a hauteur that the rest of us folks didn't deserve. When we rose and shook hands, he promised to help. But he never did. Finally, I figured out why: He was afraid of bringing other people into the Republican Party. He wanted it small, clubby--composed of the Right Crowd, the sort who would be able to move with Party leaders at the national level. A large crop of grassroots would ruin his beautifully manicured lawn. During the campaign, he quietly passed the word that no one was to work for the candidate, though, of course, everyone should vote for him.

His Republican Party, I learned, was like Gideon's army--a small well-dressed band of zealots, planning their battle strategy over lobster and white wine, going door to door in the very best neighborhoods, caravaning to rallies in Cadillacs and Thunderbirds. His Republican Party published beautiful four-color brochures that talked about Fiscal Responsibility and Limited Government. Its members subscribed to *National Review*, had autographed pictures of Barry Goldwater on their walls, and tried to talk like Bill Buckley.

One wife handled the phone bank every two years, and other women considered it a social triumph to be invited to participate. One whose vowels were too flat was not allowed to finish her list. They did not, for heaven's sake, call into low-rent precincts, which were hopelessly Democratic. I knew a phone canvasser who hung up on anyone who sounded "tacky."

But of course, these efforts occurred during national elections. During local campaigns, the Party members--the real Republicans--did absolutely nothing until it was apparent that others were moving in to take their places. Then--and only then--would they throw themselves half-heartedly into the fight.

Later, when I was campaigning in Mississippi, I found the same old crowd: financing candidates through a small insiders club, giving only to those who were sound and sane and centrist. No bombthrowers in that bunch of jackleg plutocrats. In fact, they were so discriminating about whom they supported, that in 1976--with the entire nation screaming for Ronald Reagan--they stuck with Gerald Ford and ensured the election of the most inadequate president of this century.

My old friend the lawyer/realtor not only opposed Reagan in 1976, but opposed him in 1980 as well, voting for one of several other candidates in the field--then, when Reagan was nominated, vowing to go home and work for local candidates--build the Party from the ground up (for the first time), take it back after crazy Reagan was defeated.

This guy never liked Ronald Reagan. Real Republicans didn't believe in flamboyant patriotism or Evil Empires or silent prayers at the close of conventions. They lowered their eyelids in contempt at the influx of conservative Catholics and evangelicals into the Party. They shivered involuntarily at the name of Jesus, spoken with a twang. But when Reagan won, they pushed the tacky people out of the way and took their places at the banquet table, where they gobbled up everything the Little Red Hen had baked. (And that, of course, is why the Reagan Revolution failed.)

Meanwhile, out in Texas, land of Ross Perot and the Hunts, my old friend the lawyer/developer was hard at work, harvesting the Revolution, having gone into the Savings and Loan Business. He had the best of two worlds--a free rein and government-guaranteed capital. Creative Finance had reinvented the money industry. Of course, Reagan was an embarrassment; but a highly bankable embarrassment, maybe the most attractive-looking Republican President since Warren G. Harding. Maybe it was a good thing that he had been elected, particularly since all of the Real Republicans had managed to tie his tail to his chair.

Then the S&L failed.

My old friend is white-haired now, but it's pretty white hair, like Howard Keel's. And his teeth are still white too (God, how white they are!), though I've found your teeth look a lot whiter when you wear $1200 tailor-made suits.

This man now drives a Buick, and he will tell you that times are not good since the S&L folded, that he has had to sell most of his stocks and all of his horses. He still has a huge house on two acres in North Dallas, a boat on Lake Ray Hubbard, and retains his membership in the Dallas Country Club, where he and his wife have dinner with other Republicans two or three nights a week, and worry about all those anti-abortion fanatics.

"That's what happens when you let just anybody into the Party," his wife says with a pouty look on her face, and everybody agrees.

"It's all those Catholics and fundamentalists," somebody adds. "I can remember when it was just nice people like us."

"Well, maybe it will be again," my old friend says, shaking his magnificent white head. "Maybe it will be again." ✪

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- ❑ Volume 2 Number 4, Fall 1982*
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- ❑ Volume 3 Number 2, Spring 1983*
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- ❑ Volume 6 Number 2, Spring 1986
- ❑ Volume 6 Number 3, Summer 1986
- ❑ Volume 6 Number 4, Fall 1986
- ❑ Volume 7 Number 1, Winter 1987
- ❑ Volume 7 Number 2, Spring 1987*
- ❑ Volume 7 Number 3, Summer 1987
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- ❑ Volume 8 Number 3 Fall 1988
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- ❑ Volume 9 3rd Quarter 1989
- ❑ Volume 9 4th Quarter 1989
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FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

The Budget Fiasco

By Gordon Jackson

It was predictable that when George Bush let loose of what faint grasp he had of conservative principle his presidency would go into a nosedive. The blame for the current budget fiasco and the recession it will surely exacerbate can be laid right at the door of the Oval Office. The mindlessness of Bush and his administration has finally brought him to the brink of political catastrophe.

Consider the following case study of how to make a hash of economic policy. First you sleepwalk through eight years as vice-president. You don't bother to notice that all deals with Congress trading higher taxes for spending cuts come a cropper. The spending cuts don't materialize, the deficit doesn't come down. It's the nature of the congressional beast, it's axiomatic to anyone paying attention---Congress is made up largely of self-serving egotists who will do almost anything to stay in Washington. They have to keep the tax-and-spend gravy train running to ensure reelection.

You pay no attention at all to the debate over economic policy during those eight years. You don't notice when the "crowding out" theory that interest rates rise and fall with the deficit is proved wrong in the mid '80s. It escapes your attention that "Stockmanomics," the mongrel theory that deficits are the sun of the economic universe, is discredited as events unfold and the coherent, "classical economics" theories of your President bring prosperity. When Stockmanomics becomes the conventional wisdom of Establishment Washington because it happens to be a handy cudgel for the Beltway crowd to beat on Ronald Reagan, you're oblivious to what's going on. Stockmanomics gradually makes its way from the pages of the *Washington Post* to the political antennae of the children in your employ, and finally comes to rest, dimly, vaguely, in your own mind as received wisdom.

Running for president, you make the conspicuous centerpiece of your campaign a promise not to raise taxes that you don't believe in. You don't understand economic policy and you don't really care about it, so after you're elected you turn it over entirely to a friend of a friend, Richard Darman. For years, Darman worked from within the Reagan administration to waylay Reaganomics. His reputation for years had been as someone utterly unrooted in principle, whose only guiding vision is his personal star. It had long been known by anyone paying attention to him that Darman wants the "Grand Compromise," the mega-deal with

IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES PRESIDENT BUSH SEEM DIFFERENT SINCE THIS BUDGET MESS?!...
THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
EDWARD
TAXES
POLLS

Democrats that has his name on it. He wants the spotlight, and he'll do anything to get it, but you didn't really notice, or didn't think much about it if you did. He's glib with budget numbers and he's tight with Jim Baker, so you give him economic policy.

Inevitably, you have to take some kind of position on the federal budget because, hey, that's one of the things the executive branch does. So you let Darman talk you into the "Summit." Riding the crest of almost unprecedented popularity, you elevate obscure Democrats like George Mitchell and Tom Foley to coequal status as summiteers. You take the debate out of Congress, away from the democratic procedures that the public can, to some extent, follow and evaluate. You go off to the mountaintop with a handful of Beltway types and conspicuously exclude any Reaganites from the discussion.

Predictably, you give away the store. You'd made no case to the public for holding the line on spending, so you have to dance to the Democrats' tune. You come back with a piece of garbage, a budget deal that would mean disaster for an economy about to enter recession. The only pro-growth component in the whole package is a misbegotten little collection of tax incentives for small businesses cooked up at the last minute. When it is recognized immediately as a bonanza for huge corporations and tax loophole lawyers, you're surprised because you weren't really paying attention in 1986 when the idea of tax reform was to close the loopholes.

So now, when you're in an untenable position, you start to play hardball...with Republicans. You send the jowly Darman and Sununu up to the Hill to strongarm reluctant conservatives. You go on TV and have the cheek to suggest that anyone who doesn't go along with your capitulation on taxes is putting self-interest above the common good. You ask taxpayers to send several hundred dollars more per person to Washington each year, and you don't give them a single reason why.

You don't make an economic argument to the public as Reagan did with his Laffer curves eight years ago, because you don't have one. What you've got goes something like this: interests rates drive the economy, deficits drive interest rates; the Fed will bring interest rates down a half of a percentage point when some sort of deficit reduction package is passed, and prosperity will abound. That's Darmanomics---Stockmanomics with Alan Greenspan in the deal as a co-conspirator to weaken the dollar. That's your game plan. You don't want to look too closely at it because then you would know it's pure applesauce.

When Conservatives vote against your deal because it stinks and liberals vote against it because it truly is unfair, with its regressive taxes falling hardest on the poor, you go into a pout. You sell conservatives down the river and turn the process completely over to Mitchell and Foley. You get a Democratic budget, appropriations (pork) intact to the last dollar, and you get a classic Democratic recession with your name on it.

You get exactly what you deserve in '92---a place in history alongside Jimmy Carter, the last guy to try to play the presidency on the fly.

Obiter Dicta

Days of Thunder

This issue of the *Southern Partisan* has been ready for several weeks now except for this section. We just couldn't handle the thought of going to press without knowing the election results--without knowing whether to cheer or to cry and gnash our teeth. How, for example, would it have been possible to comment on the course of human events, especially in the South, without knowing whether or not Jesse Helms was re-elected?

Happily Jesse survived the most concerted attempt by the national media to destroy a political personality since they sank Judge Bork back in 1987. Friends in North Carolina tell us that Senator Helms almost lost primarily because he was listening early on to too many consultants who were urging him to soften his edges. They wanted a kinder gentler Jesse Helms.

Helms, however, decided not to cooperate. Suddenly, all the consultants were tossed out and Jesse spent the last eight days thundering, breathing fire and strirring the blood of his people, just like we expect him to. You could almost see Dan Rather wince as he reported the news from North Carolina: *six more years of Jesse Helms*!

Lip-Reading

If George Bush is skilled at reading the voters lips, he must now realize that breaking his "no-taxes" pledge was the biggest political mistake since Jimmy Carter decided to tell Americans they were suffering from a spiritual malaise. Republican congressmen who survived the mid-term elections did so only by bashing their president.

Bush is also learning that leadership is not judged in compartments. If we don't like his economic decisions, we aren't likely to support his foreign policy either.

Americans are not prepared by temperament to fight wars dispassionately. We have to be mad. Early on Bush had broad popular support for bold action against Iraq. He no longer has it. And we can expect all of this to embolden Saddam Hussein. He knows a wimp when he sees one.

Hall of Shame

The President's lips were more reliable on the 1990 Civil Rights Act than they were on taxes. He kept his promise and vetoed a very bad Bill which would have resulted in either (a) a plague of litigation all over America or else (b) racial quotas in hiring as the only innoculation against lawsuit. The President's veto was (barely) sustained. Twenty-two Southern Senators succumbed to the pressure groups. Make a note. Here are the Southerners who voted to saddle the country with quotas:

Bentsen of Texas
Boren of Oklahoma
Breaux of Louisiana
Bumpers of Arkansas
Byrd of West Virginia
Danforth of Missouri
Ford of Kentucky
Fowler of Georgia
Gore of Tennessee
Graham of Florida
Heflin of Alabama
Hollings of South Carolina
Johnston of Louisiana
Mikulski of Maryland
Nunn of Georgia
Pryor of Arkansas
Robb of Virginia
Rockefeller of West Virginia
Sanford of North Carolina
Sarbanes of Maryland
Sasser of Tennessee
Shelby of Alabama

Out of Touch: Scalawag Update

Human Events magazine, a conservative weekly published in Washington, interviewed Georgia Congressman Newt Gingrich late last year. He was questioned by columnist John Lofton. An excerpt:

Lofton: What, if anything, do you think ought to limit the civil government, the state?

Gingrich: I think that's partially dependent on the crisis. Lincoln, correctly suspended habeus corpus during the Civil War because he faced a crisis of survival.

So did Newt in the November election. He may find that his margins would improve in Georgia if he stopped such Yankee pontifications.

Lincoln didn't face a crisis of survival. He created one.

In Touch: Yankee Defined

We hope Professors Byron D. Augustin and Dennis E. Fitzsimmons of the University of Texas didn't spend a lot of time or money on their study. For the *Southern Partisan* could have answered their questions in short order, for free.

The two deep, complicated questions they sent 110 student researchers out to seek answers to were: Where do Yankees hail from? and What one word best describes a Yankee?

We don't have the complete results, only those reported by the *Dallas Morning News*, but based on what we have, it looks like the students came up with an accurate assessment:

Most Yankeefied State:
New York.
Least Yankeefied States:
Texas and Louisiana.

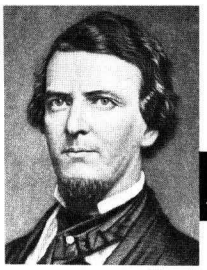
Descriptions of Yankees (70% were negative) included: yuppies, snooty-toots, mully-grubber, dimwit, over-educated, stuffed-shirtish, and white complected.

Oh, I Wish I Was...

Have you ever wondered what New Yorkers dream about? Broadway musicals? Great restaurants? Stimulating cultural events?

No. No. No.

What most of them dream about is--leaving. A recent survey conducted by *Time*/CNN found out that 59% of the residents of New York City would pack their bags and get out if only they could afford it. The cause of this discontent is crime, grime, racial tension and all the other accessories of life in the Big City. The huddled masses are indeed yearning to breathe free, now more than ever. ✪



PRESTON BROOKS AWARD

As regular *Southern Partisan* readers know, from time to time, we give the Preston Brooks Award to good Southerners who strike one or more substantial blows for the honor of our region. It is the polar opposite of the Scalawag Award (which we give every issue because, alas, scalawags are far more visible these days than patriots). The most recent Preston Brooks recipient was Hank Williams, Jr., when he released his rousing Confederate song *If the South Would'a Won We'da Had It Made.*

This time, we are honoring a lady who spoke her mind and, in so doing, put a female scalawag in exactly the right perspective. Here are the details:

This past summer, famous actress Julia Roberts (a native of Smyrna, Georgia) came to Spartanburg and Abbeville, South Carolina to make a movie. More and more movies are being filmed in Southern states because it's cheaper than elsewhere and because Southern state agencies actively recruit moviemakers and because star-struck officials always roll out the red carpet and even turn over their homes to accommodate visitors from Tinseltown.

Of course, these effusive displays of hospitality are almost always rewarded with contempt, which was exactly the case with Miss Julia Roberts who, shortly after her departure from Spartanburg, talked to *Rolling Stone* magazine and described her "ordeal" in South Carolina.

First, she said, :the people are horribly racist, and...the town had no restaurants" (remember we are listening to a girl who grew up in Smyrna, Georgia). Then she added...

"I didn't feel like I was on location anymore. I didn't feel like I had a job. I felt like this hell was where I lived."

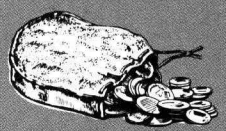
For once, however, such insults were not borne in silence. When the Spartanburg Chamber of Commerce was contacted by the media for a response, Debbie Jennings had one. Here, verbatim, is the Jennings view of Roberts:

Who is (Julia Roberts) in the scheme of things anyway? We place too much emphasis on the people this country considers stars. She's just a speck in the scheme of things... Anybody with class, style and good upbringing wouldn't say such. The last laugh will be on her. She's not going to stop movies from being made here. Moviemakers like this area because of the cooperation they get and because it's less expensive to film here. So it's only going to backfire on her, and then we can sit back and slap our legs and laugh about it.

Somewhere on a cloud, Preston Brooks was looking down with approval. Thank you Debbie Jennings for striking a solid blow for the South.

As a postscript, our readers may want to know the title of the movie Miss Roberts, a star from Georgia, was making when she was undergoing her "ordeal" in the South. It's called *Sleeping with the Enemy.* ✪

Scalawag Award



When the three major television networks were founded, they were given nice generic names like Columbia (CBS) and National (NBC) and American (ABC) emphasizing their service area. Then along came a broadcaster who decided to name an entire network after himself--the Turner Broadcasting System (TBS). Those of us who tuned in Ted during the early months will recall that he devoted many hours of air time to his own speeches.

But it is not for unbridled pride alone that we are naming Ted Turner as our Scalawag this time. Nor is it because of his liaison with Jane Fonda, the Tokyo Rose of Hanoi. Nor is it because he is responsible for the Atlanta Braves or because he sponsored the Goodwill Games, the Better World Society and blatant pro-Soviet propaganda "documentaries" back before they tore down the Berlin Wall.

Certainly all these factors lend strong support to our selection. But the big reason came recently when Ted was named "Humanist of the Year" by a vehemently anti-Christian group called the American Humanist Association. Buckle your seatbelts. Here are a few of Mr. Turner's comments taken from his acceptance speech:

Christ, he said, *had to come down here and suffer and die on the cross, so with His blood our sins could be washed away. Weird, man. I'm telling you. Nobody has to die on a cross and have a blood sacrifice the way these ancient religions did down there in the pyramids in Mexico where they cut the virgins' hearts out.*

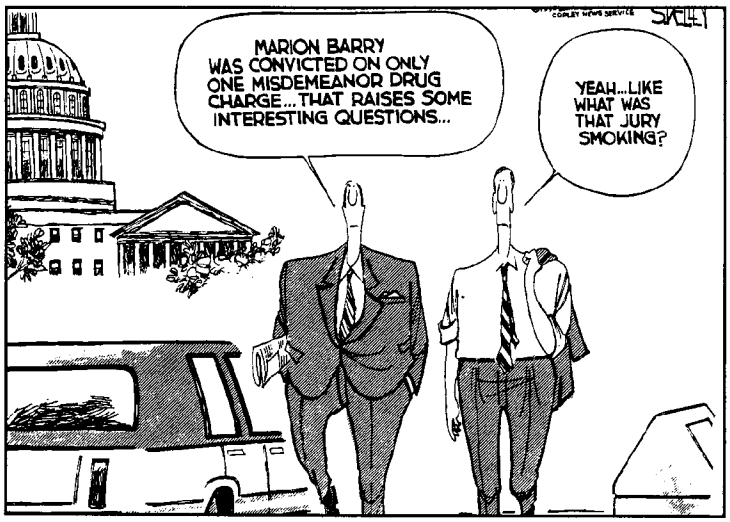
Then Ted proceeded to bash Christianity as a "religion for losers." And as the delighted humanists applauded his remarks, he told them "Obviously we are kindred souls." Probably just a slip of the tongue. He must have meant to say "kindred humans."

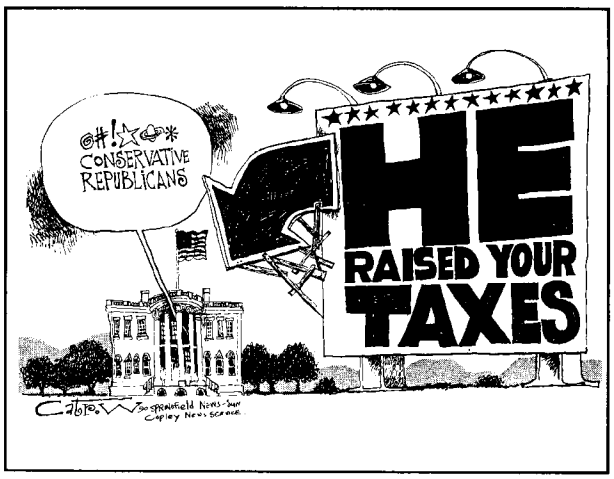
Mr. Turner's bitter anti-Christian feelings trace to the loss of his sister who died after a long illness. "I prayed and nothing happened, of course...I began to lose my faith and the more I lost it, the better I felt." This comment was followed by more applause from the assembled Humanists.

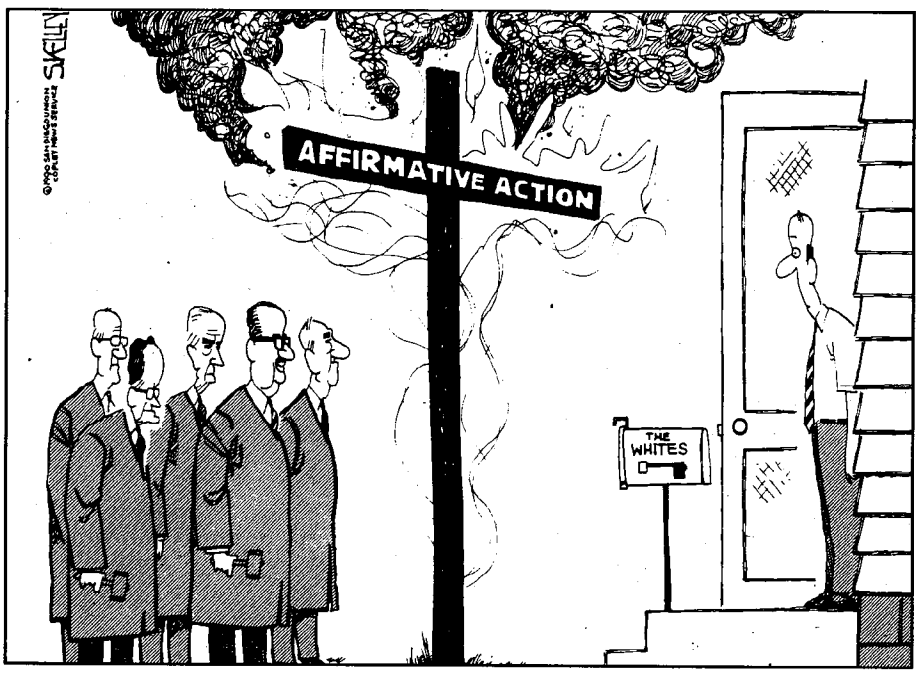
Well, Ted, we have all lost loved ones, and certainly the pain of life is often difficult to endure. Southerners who have kept the faith know that better than most people. It's all part of a quality a television magnate may lack, it's called humility.

But we rather suspect that Mr. Turner's problem is not that he doesn't believe in God. He's just mad because God doesn't follow his orders. And so we give our Scalawag this time to Ted Turner, who says he attended Christian prep school and once considered missionary work. If so, he should know the meaning of blasphemy. ✪

PARTISAN 'TOONS


MARION BARRY WAS CONVICTED ON ONLY ONE MISDEMEANOR DRUG CHARGE... THAT RAISES SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS...
YEAH... LIKE WHAT WAS THAT JURY SMOKING?

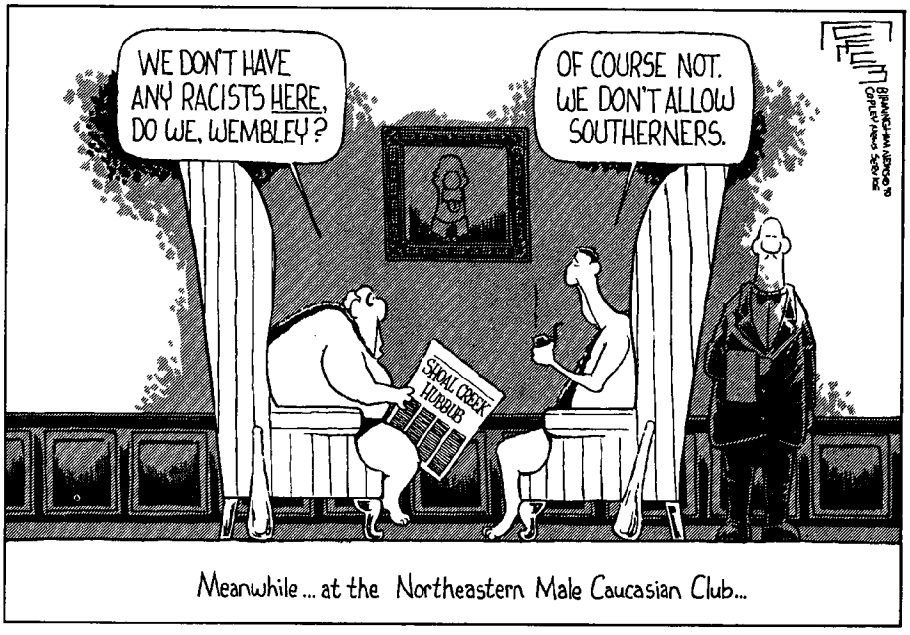




IRAQI FORCES TODAY OVERRAN THE NATION OF KUWAIT!
ZzZz..
MANY CASUALTIES ARE REPORTED AND HOSTAGES HAVE BEEN TAKEN!
z SNORT! zZ..
...THE CONFLICT WILL RESULT IN HIGHER GASOLINE PRICES.
NUKE THE ☆#?!! BUMS!
BIRMINGHAM NEWS©90 COPLEY NEWS SERVICE

LOOKS LIKE THE FATHER GOT ANOTHER PRO-CHOICER...
KISH!
CONFESSIONAL
BIRMINGHAM NEWS©90 COPLEY NEWS SERVICE

I'M SORRY SIR, BUT THE TIME IT TOOK YOU TO WALK HERE FROM THE PUMP HAS COST YOU ANOTHER THREE BUCKS.
GAS
$1.05 gal
$1.20
$1.30 gal
$1.35 gal
$1.40 gal
$1.50+
KEN MACKEN


WE DON'T HAVE ANY RACISTS HERE, DO WE, WEMBLEY?
OF COURSE NOT. WE DON'T ALLOW SOUTHERNERS.
SHOAL CREEK HUBBUB
BIRMINGHAM NEWS©90 COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
Meanwhile... at the Northeastern Male Caucasian Club...

CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

Tom Parker, one of the attorneys who represented parents in the famous Alabama textbook case, is at it again. He has formed a new organization--the Alabama Parents Alliance--and is beginning to make his presence known in educational circles. Parker and his executive director, Gary Palmer, are particularly interested in the kind of sex education programs used in Alabama public schools. While the state has adopted one of the most sensible and traditional programs in the country, local school districts, pressured by lobbyists from national liberal organizations, are often adopting programs that are contrary to the wishes of many parents.

Some of the curricula currently abroad in the land actually feature color slides of heterosexual couples and homosexual couples engaged in perverse sex acts, and many more teach that homosexual behavior is normal, natural, and healthy. Parker and Palmer are representing those parents who don't believe that such programs should be allowed in the public school system and they are gathering supporters daily for what they believe will be a fierce and perhaps decisive battle over whether or not the public school system in America is to be dominated by left wing pressure groups, particularly the feminists and "gay rights" activists.

If you are interested in joining the Alliance, you can contact Tom Parker or Gary Palmer at: PO Box 59692, Birmingham, Alabama 35259 (205) 870-9900.

OCTOBER

Day in Old Birmingham
October 7
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 251-1880

Alabama Cotton Festival
October 13
Huntsville, Alabama
(800) 526-6105

Cheaha Motorcycle Rally
October 18-21
Delta, Alabama
(205) 236-1181

Loachapoka Syrup Soppin' Festival
October 27
Loachapoka, Alabama
(205) 887-3579

NOVEMBER

4th Annual Confederate
Camp of Instruction
November 3-4
Dauphin Island, Alabama
(205) 861-6992

Bluegrass Super Jam
November 10
Cullman, Alabama
(205) 747-1650

Southern Wildlife Festival
November 17-18
Decatur, Alabama
(205) 350-2028

Living History Weekend
November 17-18
Wetumpka, Alabama
(205) 567-3002

DECEMBER

Medieval Christmas Celebration
December 6-9
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 870-2513

The Nutcracker Ballet
December 7-9
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 288-3110

Alabama's Birthday
December 14
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 532-7551

ARKANSAS

Few people now believe in vampires, but we do. We've seen the manuscript of Guy Story Brown's history of vampires in Arkansas, and we are true believers. Brown maintains that a whole clan of the bloodlappers lived for a number of generations in Southern Arkansas, that there are well-documented cases of their activities, and that a family history exists, which he is now in the process of editing.

He also claims that there are living members of the family, still practicing the old craft, and that very shortly they plan to start a movement to bring vampires "out of the coffin" and allow them to take their rightful place in American society. With Brown's help, we managed to interview one member of the clan by telephone, an old voice as dry and crackly as winter leaves. He wouldn't talk for very long, but we were able to ask two questions and get two answers.

S.P.: How old are you?

V.: Older than you think.

S.P.: Do you still go around biting people on the neck and sleeping in coffins?

V.: We do some things folks say we do, and some things we don't.

Look for Guy Brown's book in your bookstore sometime next year.

***

If you want to read a Southern newspaperman who rings true in everything he writes--and there ain't many of them left in the region--then subscribe to the *Pine Bluff Commercial* or any of the national dailies that carry Paul Greenberg's column. Greenberg is one of the few journalists who sounds like he was born here, rather than like someone banished to the hinterlands by the *New York Times* or Gannett for coming to work drunk.

Greenberg not only writes literately and movingly about his friends and neighbors, but can also turn out a stirring tribute to Robert E. Lee. He is solidly committed to traditional values and to the survival of the American family. He's a funny man when he wants to be, but he is capable of fierce invective in the service of decency and good sense.

Fifty years ago, you would have found a Paul Greenberg in almost every Southern city and in many of the smaller towns. Today you might as well skip the metropolitan newspapers and just go straight to Pine Bluff. We don't know how old a fellow he is, but we hope he's only about 12.

OCTOBER

Grand Prairie Rice Festival
October 5-6
Hazen, Arkansas
(501) 255-4538

15th Annual Apple Festival
October 5-7
Lincoln, Arkansas
(501) 824-3232

12th Annual Wiggins Cabin Festival
October 6
Crossett, Arkansas
(501) 364-6021

5th Annual King Biscuit Blues Festival
October 12-13
Helena, Arkansas
(501) 338-9144

National Wild Turkey Calling Contest
October 12-13
Yellville, Arkansas
(501) 449-4676

3rd Annual National
Mule Jumping Contest
October 13
Pea Ridge, Arkansas
(501) 451-1350

3rd Annual State Peanut Festival
October 19-20
Diaz, Arkansas
(501) 523-8559

Whitetail Deer Daze and
National Venison Chili Cook-Off
October 26-28
Camden, Arkansas
(501) 836-6105

6th Annual Possum Valley Fun Day
October 27
Wilmar, Arkansas
(501) 367-3836

FLORIDA

In Orlando, Tammy Faye Bakker has finally broken a long string of bad luck. Local authorities have reversed themselves and will now let her use a building in the warehouse district to hold her weekly church services. Right now, she only has about 60 people in her congregation, but she is thinking about moving the proceedings to Friday night, in hopes of attracting a greater crowd. It's hard to believe that more folks wouldn't turn out to see her, just out of curiosity. Three years ago she was a major television star with an audience of millions. Today, she isn't able to draw more than 5 dozen people to what is essentially a free concert. Rob Lowe's career sails along, despite all the sordid business with underage girls. Washington Mayor Marion Barry is met coming out of the courtroom with cries of "four more years." Yet there's poor Tammy Faye, whose only crime was wearing too much jewelry and too much makeup, completely rejected by her former fans. Maybe it's because Christians are the most forgiving people in the world.

OCTOBER

World Barefoot Ski Championships
October 10-14
Fort Pierce, Florida
(813) 324-4341

Great Chowder Debate
October 28
St. Augustine, Florida
(904) 829-5681

Outhouse Celebration
October 31
Hallandale, Florida
(305) 458-3251

NOVEMBER

Discover the Past Festival
November 10-11
Osprey, Florida
(813) 966-5214

National Youth
Football Championships
November 20-25
Daytona Beach, Florida
(904) 274-1919

1990 World Cup of Golf
by Philip Morris
November 22-25
Orlando, Florida
(407) 239-4700

DECEMBER

Christmas Southern Style
December 8
Stuart, Florida
(407) 286-2848

Dade Battle Reenactment
December 29-30
Bushnell, Florida
(904) 793-4781

Gator Bowl
December 29
Jacksonville, Florida
(904) 630-3900

GEORGIA

The full story of Ralph Abernathy's passing is yet to be told. Friends say that the strain he was under during the last months of his life undoubtedly contributed to his death. They also say that his attackers weren't nearly so concerned about the three pages on King's last night as about the rest of the book, which exposed many of them as less than heroic in their behavior during the turbulent years of the civil rights movement. They were also angry with him for his support of Reagan in 1980, and they took the occasion of his autobiography to get even.

Abernathy, who had been a frequent speaker on black college campuses around the country, was immediately boycotted, and most of his already-booked appearances were cancelled. Numerous invitations to speak at churches were also rescinded, and several old friends refused to speak at West Hunter Baptist Church, where Abernathy was pastor. In public, he kept up a brave front, making numerous appearances on television, defending his book, and warding off the attacks of former friends.

Privately, however, he was heartbroken at the misrepresentation of what he had written and the willingness of too many Blacks to take the word of the press without bothering to read the book. He was particularly unhappy that some of the more important revelations of the volume were never mentioned in discussions and reviews. Among those were: his idyllic youth in rural Alabama, where his white neighbors were cordial and protective; his military service in World War II and his friendship with a white commanding officer; the true relationship between Martin Luther King and Jesse Jackson; the hilarious story of Resurrection City; the connivance of Joe Lowery that cost Abernathy his position as head of the SCLC; and, finally, the sacrifice Abernathy made to support Ronald Reagan and the failure of the White House to recognize and reward his efforts.

OCTOBER
Georgia National Fair
October 5-13
Perry, Georgia
(912) 987-2774

Georgia Marble Festival
October 6-7
Jasper, Georgia
(404) 692-5600

War Reenactment
October 27 28
Jackson, Georgia
(404) 775-6734

NOVEMBER
Christmas Made
in the South
November 9-11
Augusta, Georgia
(704) 847-9480

Old South Day
November 10
Ochlocknee, Georgia
(912) 574-5151

Swine Time Festival
November 24
Climax, Georgia
(912) 246-8560

DECEMBER
Old South Christmas Tour
December 8
Macon, Georgia
(912) 742-5084

A Southern Christmas
December 9
A. H. Stephens State Park
Crawfordville, Georgia
(404) 456-2221

Confederate Christmas 1861
December 26
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 786-5787

KENTUCKY

With her six International Bluegrass Music Association nominations, fiddle player Alison Krauss has received more nominations than any other artist. And one of those nominations (along with her band Union Station) is for Bluegrass Entertainer of the Year. Not bad. Espescially for a nineteen-year-old.

OCTOBER
Golden Pond Moonshine
October 6
Golden Pond, Kentucky
(502) 924-5602

Red Crow Indian Mini Pow Wow
October 13
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(800) 526-2068

Knob Creek Military Gun Show
October 13-14
Westport, Kentucky
(502) 922-4457

National Coon Hunting Championship
October 26 -November 3
Mayfield, Kentucky
(502) 247-6101

NOVEMBER
North American International
Livestock Exposition
November 3-17
Louisville, Kentucky
(502) 588-3166

DECEMBER
Festival of Mountain Masters
December 1-2
Harlan, Kentucky
(606) 573-2900

Christmas in the Cave
December 15
Mammoth Cave, Kentucky
(502) 758-2251

LOUISIANA

Governor Buddy Roemer is as big a gambler as his predecessor, whom Louisianians now miss. Roemer has recently vetoed two bills that received overwhelming support in the legislature, one to restrict abortion, the other to restrict pornography. In both cases, he said he believed the bills were unconstitutional; but the anti-abortion bill was passed precisely to provide the nation with a test case--as Roemer well understood.

This bill is particularly significant because the Governor, in vetoing an earlier version, had specifically said that it was merely because of the extremity of the measure. He had strongly indicated that he would sign a bill that exempted pregnant women who were victims of rape and incest. Following his lead, the legislature went back to the drawing boards and came up with just such a bill, which Roemer after some public histrionics, again vetoed.

So what has gotten into Buddy Roemer's head? He is well aware that with its heavy Catholic population, Louisiana is the most pro-life state in a pro-life region.

One local commentator put it this way: "Oh, he wants to be president. Ever since Jimmy Carter did it, every little whiney politician in the South thinks he can do it too. Every night he goes to bed figuring he'll wake up in the Blue Room. Of course, he hasn't got a chance."

OCTOBER
Sauce Piquante Festival
October 5-7
Raceland, Louisiana
(504) 537-7544

Bopotamus Festival
October 13
St. Francisville, Louisiana
(504) 635-6215

Jambalaya Du Musique
October 15-16
Lafayette, Louisiana
(318) 981-2364

NOVEMBER
Louisiana Pecan Festival
November 2-3
Colfax, Louisiana
(318) 627-5196

Cajun Heritage Festival
November 3-4
Raceland, Louisiana
(504) 537-5444

DECEMBER
Sing-Along *Messiah*
December 3-7
West Monroe, Louisiana
(318) 396-7109

Journey to Bethlehem
December 9-10
Monroe, Louisiana
(318) 323-1800

MARYLAND

The army that arrived from Dixie this month has put fear into the hearts of Marylanders. The Deep South expatriots, which are multiplying at an alarming rate, are known to the cultured as "Palmetto Bugs," but are better known as Giant Cockroaches (one to two inches long). One Joppa resident (the town that has played host to the insects) commented: "My great great grandfather swam the Potomac to fight with Lee, and we've gotten pretty lonely for Southern company since the state's been taken over by Yankees, but we ain't *that* lonely. Biggest bugs I evver seen. Wonder how they got here?"

OCTOBER
Farm Heritage Festival
October 6-7
Upper Marlboro, Maryland
(301) 627-2270

Seventeenth Annual Needlework Show
October 27-November 4
Edgewater, Maryland
(301) 956-4900

Halloween Insomniac Tour
October 28
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 653-2998

NOVEMBER
Thanksgiving Turkey Butt Day
November 17
Ocean City, Maryland
(301) 723-1025

DECEMBER
Christmas at the English
Country House
December 7-9
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 557-9570

Battlefield Illumination
December 15
Hagerstown, Maryland
(301) 791-3130

Victorian Christmas
December 15-17
Clinton, Maryland

MISSISSIPPI

While the nation was preparing for war with the Iraqis, the people of Greenville were preparing for an entirely different kind of war. The enemies? Blackbirds, thousands and thousands of the flapping, screaming creatures that come swooping from up North to plunder the trees and bushes.

The City Council appropriated $6,000 to fight the invasion, and they plan to use fake distress calls, fireworks, and--if all else fails--perhaps nuclear warheads. It isn't the screaming and flapping that bothers the folks in Greenville. It's what the blackbirds do after they've been roosting and eating for a while.

"I don't want to come out and say it," said one local woman, "but those birds are doing to us just what those Ay-rabs are doing. Of course, you got to realize that neither one of them was brought up to know any better."

MISSOURI

In a pamphlet entitled *Responsible Drinking/Drug Abuse: As Different as Day & Night*, the Anheuser-Busch company says the following:

> *The lesson is clear: Italy enjoys one of the lowest rates of alcohol abuse in all the world, despite one of the highest levels of alcohol consumption, because its culture emphasizes responsible drinking. Iowa can experience increased per capita consumption without climbing abuse rates because it has* decreased *rather than* increased *the stress associated with moderate, responsible drinking.*
>
> *In the southern region of the United States, on the other hand, social condemnation of* all *drinking has had precisely the opposite effect. Fewer people drink, but those who do, drink more on the average than anywhere else in the country.*
>
> *In light of these facts, we should be striving to* emphasize *the difference between responsible drinking and abuse....*

Maybe--just maybe--the Italians have a low rate of alcohol abuse because they drink Chianti instead of Budweiser. Maybe Southerners ought to quit drinking Bud and Busch Bavarian for awhile and try some of that harmless Italian wine, just until the Anheuser-Busch folks quit making specious arguments at the expense of the people who live in this region. A few letters to the head brewer might make the point. On second thought, let's make that a lot of letters. The address is as follows:

> Mr. August A. Busch III
> Chairman of the Board
> Anheuser-Busch Companies
> Executive Offices
> One Busch Place
> St. Louis, Missouri 63118-1852

OCTOBER
National Crafts Festival
October 1-28
Branson, Missouri
(417) 338-2611

Cass County Log Cabin Festival
October 4-7
Harrisonville, Missouri
(816) 884-5352

Horseshoeing Contest
October 12-13
Branson, Missouri
(417) 334-4947

Fall Trout Derby
October 13-14
Cassville, Missouri
(417) 847-2814

NOVEMBER
American Royal Livestock,
Horse Show and Rodeo
November 2-17
Kansas City, Missouri
(816) 221-9800

NORTH CAROLINA

The senatorial campaign in North Carolina this year was the most vicious in that state's history. The same old pack of squinty-eyed rats were back again: People for the American Way, Paul Newman, Jane Fonda, The NAACP, The Americans for Democratic Action, Ed Asner, and what's left of the Peace Movement. But something new was added: a host of national homosexual organizations that Tarheels had not heard about. These were: The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the Human Rights Campaign Fund, The National Gay Rights Advocates, American Gay Atheists, Gay and Lesbian Italians, Gay Men of African Descent, Gay Vegetarians, Hikin' Dykes, Lesbian and Gay Chiropractic Association, the Lesbian Sex Mafia, the National Gay Teachers Association, ACT-UP, and the North American Man-Boy Love Association (the national organization of homosexual pedophiles).

These are just a few of literally hundreds of homosexual organizations active in New York City, and they hate no one more on the face of the earth than Senator Jesse Helms. Advertisements were appearing in a number of homosexual newspapers and magazines, calling for donations to the ill-fated campaign of Democratic nominee Harvey Gantt, who is unabashedly pro-homosexual.

One campaign gimmick was developed by Gregg Gore, a member of ACT-UP: a T-shirt depicting Senator Helms as a "road kill." Gore announced that he intended to manufacture and sell 10,000 of the shirts to aid his organization, which disrupts public meetings, shouts obscenities at politicians, and has been known to urinate on the lawns of "homophobes."

As we go to press, Gore is complaining that somebody in a big, black Ford tried to scare him off the T-shirt product by chunking rocks at him. Apparently, however, he intends to persist. (He had to recall his first batch of shirts. It seems he spelled the Senator's first name "Jessie.")

NOVEMBER
Homecoming Barbecue
November 2-3
Ansonville, North Carolina
(704) 826-8667

Christmas at Biltmore
November 23-31
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 255-1700

General Lee Museum Tour
November 30
Dunn, North Carolina
(919) 892-4113

DECEMBER
Fireside Sale
December 1
Brasstown, North Carolina
(704) 837-2775

Country Christmas
December 2-3
Halifax, North Carolina
(919) 583-7191

Man Will Never Fly Society
December 16
Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina
(919) 441-3761

First Flight Commemoration
December 17
Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina
(919) 473-2138

OKLAHOMA

Randy Herrod, author of the autobiographical *Blues Bastards*, an account of the Vietnam War, reports that his book is a best-seller in the Southwest. Unfortunately, however, the demand has been so great that bookstores have had a hard time filling orders. A recent selection of the Military Book Club, the narrative has been completely ignored by Eastern newspapers because it paints a favorable picture of Herrod's platoon commander, then-Lt. Oliver North. However, a number of regional newspapers have discovered the volume and given it rave reviews; as a consequence, you can't find copies in places like Tulsa, where the demand is the highest.

"If your readers can't find copies in their local bookstore," Herrod writes, "tell them to write to me and I'll fill their order. The price for a hardback copy is $17.95. Send me a check for that amount, plus $2.00 for postage, and I'll autograph the book."

Herrod's address:
Randy Herrod
805 East Rosa
Shawnee, Oklahoma 74801

NOVEMBER

Cheese Festival
November 2-4
Watonga, Oklahoma
(405) 623-5452

Will Rogers Birthday Party
November 4
Oologah, Oklahoma
(405) 426-2217

Statehood Day
November 16
Guthrie, Oklahoma
(405) 282-1947

DECEMBER

Messiah Sing-A-Long
December 2
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(915) 584-2533

Canterbury Choral Society
December 9
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 842-7464

Firing of the
Christmas Guns
December 24
Yukon, Oklahoma
(405) 350-7618

SOUTH CAROLINA

The story is told these days of the Palmetto state teacher who, quizzing her civics class, asked for the length of a South Carolina House member's term. One student, obviously up on his current events, answered the question "Five to seven years with time off for good behavior."

Indeed, the FBI sting, which has yeilded indictments of several legislators who accepted cash in exchange for votes, has caused a crisis of confidence in state government.

Though the percentage of Republicans indicted is higher than their ratio in the General Assembly, and though the incumbent Governor is a Republican, most political observers predicted a "throw the bums out" election, which would benefit the GOP. The reason: Democrats still run the state and the voters know it.

Republicans had targeted for defeat Lieutenant Governor Nick Theodore (who was on vacation when Hurrican Hugo hit the state), Secretary of State John Campbell (who accepted thousands of dollars of contributions from the lobbyists he regulates), State Treasurer Grady Patterson (who invests state money in New York banks rather than in Southern banks), and Speaker of the House Robert Sheheen (who Republicans say is guilty by association).

The actual results were a mixed bag, however. Republican Jim Miles ousted John Campbell; but Theodore, Patterson and Sheheen routed their Republican opponents. The GOP still had plenty to smile about, however. Senator Strom Thurmond, 87, received 65% of the vote to win a seventh term and Republican Governor Carroll Campbell won a second term with 70% of the vote.

NOVEMBER

"Oinkfeast"
November 2-3
Bamberg, South Carolina

Plantation Days
Mid-November
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-6020

Chitlin' Strut
November 24
Salley, South Carolina
(803) 258-3331

DECEMBER

Christmas at M
December 1-31
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-6020

Catfish Stomp
December 6-8
Elgin, South Carolina
(803) 438-3209

TENNESSEE

Late one night, Bill Williams of Knoxville heard a noise in his backyard, thought it was a prowler, and grabbed his shotgun. When he stepped into the darkness, armed with a double-barreled shotgun, he realized that some kind of animal was digging in his garbage can. He flashed the light into the can and saw something that made his blood run cold.

"It was a cross between a turtle and a rat," he said, "only it was a lot bigger than any rat I ever saw. But it had little bitty eyes that glowed green in the dark. And it had a tail like a pterodactyl."

Because he lives in a crowded suburban neighborhood, Williams was reluctant to fire off his shotgun, so he stood and watched the animal for a second or two, then ran back into his house.

"I was afraid it might come after me," he said, "so I went back inside and locked the door. That night I told my wife it was a possum, but no possum I ever saw had on armor."

The next day Williams went back into the yard and found the animal curled up in his garbage can, fast asleep.

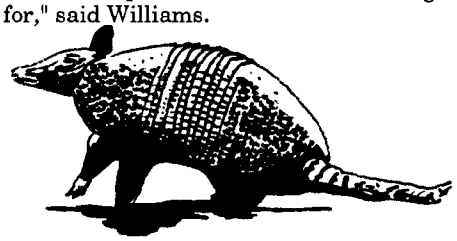
It was an armadillo.

After making inquiries at his local library, Williams contacted John McElroy of Texas, whose study *The Complete Armadillo* is due to be published in 1991. McElroy wrote the following explanation:

"Armadillos, when domesticated, are extremely loyal animals, much more so than cats or even dogs. They have been known to pine away and die when separated from the families they love. One Waco armadillo named Clyde was found, starved to death, on the recent grave of his master. There are several stories of armadillos that have followed the trails of moving vans literally hundreds of miles. It is entirely possible that the animal you found in your garbage can was looking for some family that had moved from a Texas locale to the Knoxville area. You can try to adopt him, but my bet is, he won't hang around."

Sure enough. Williams locked that animal in his garage and tried to befriend it, but three days later he discovered a tunnel in one corner and the armadillo gone.

"I hope he finds what he's looking for," said Williams.



TEXAS

The Texas gubernatorial contest was rough and malevolent from the beginning, what with Democrat Ann Richards coming off a primary campaign in which her alcoholism was her opponent's chief issue. Republican Clayton Williams didn't directly bring up the lady's old drinking problem, despite Democratic attacks on his youthful adventures in a Mexican bordello. But one of his female supporters from Dallas--miffed by the ad hominem attacks on Williams--couldn't resist a golden opportunity, which presented itself on a recent flight from D/FW to Washington, D.C.

As she sat on her aisle seat, reading a magazine, the Dallas woman noticed that other passengers were staring at her, smiling and waving. Finally a young thing on the way to the ladies room paused briefly, squeezed her arm, and said, "Good luck, Miz Richards. My whole neighborhood is covered with your yard signs."

"What was that all about?" the Dallas woman said to her husband.

The husband grinned.

"They think you're Ann Richards," he said. "And it figures. White hair. Texas voice. You're a dead ringer for her."

The Dallas woman, a long-time Republican activist, brooded about it for a while. Then in a loud voice, she called out to the stewardess, "Honey, I can't stand it any longer. Bring me a double bourbon on the rocks."

***

If you watch television with a growing sense of frustration, convinced that there's nothing you can do to get rid of the trash, then read on, folks, read on.

Almost three years ago, Lynda Beams of Ft. Worth, a mother of two, got a load of what Geraldo Rivera was doing, gagged, and formally complained to the manager of KDFW-TV. But she didn't stop there. She also circulated petitions and wrote letters to Geraldo's sponsors, questioning their wisdom and integrity in supporting such a tasteless show.

Her appeals were eloquent enough to persuade several companies to withdraw their advertising, and Geraldo was suddenly in trouble in one of the largest metropolitan markets in the country. At that point, he tried to placate Mrs. Beams, but it was too late. She had taken his measure and she was determined to drive him off the air. In August Jeff Erdel, a spokesman for Geraldo, confirmed that the show had been cancelled.

"It's certainly not a surprise," he said, "because the station has made several announcements over the past few months that it intended to drop the show because of pressure being brought to bear by one viewer."

Mr. Erdel indicated it was a doggone shame, too, because since December, Geraldo had been behaving himself, offering "the cleanest, most wholesome talk show on television."

OCTOBER
East Texas Fire Ant Festival
October 13-14
Marshall, Texas
(214) 935-7868

57th Texas Rose Festival
October 18-21
Tyler, Texas
(214) 592-1661

Confederate Air Force
October 20-21
Houston, Texas
(713) 531-9461

Scarecrow Festival
October 22-27
Kaufman, Texas
(214) 932-3118

Punkin Days
October 26-27
Floydada, Texas
(806) 983-3434

NOVEMBER
29th Gathering of the
Scottish Clans
November 9-11
Salado, Texas
(817) 947-8773

DECEMBER
Fiesta Navidena
December 3-8
San Antonio, Texas
(800) 447-3372

VIRGINIA

Folks, there are grisly developments in Manassas, Virginia, where Jean Beech, the great-great niece of Confederate soldier Walter Weir has allowed the current Yankee government to take her ancestor's bones and mess around with them before they are reburied. Right now, Walter is scattered out on trays in various rooms of the Smithsonian, while experts in white jackets poke at him with shiny instruments and put him under microscopes.

It seems that Mrs. Beech decided to move about twenty Weirs from a distant graveyard to a place closer to the house, and it turned out that one (Walter) was in a metal casket. When they asked Mrs. Beech if they could have a good look at what was left over of him, she agreed, apparently with no qualms whatsoever.

Of course, Poe predicted this over 150 years ago, when he wrote about "the ghoul-haunted woodlands of Weir."

OCTOBER
Lafayette Visit to Boyhood Home
of Robert E. Lee
October 20
Alexandria, Virginia
(703) 548-8454

Festival of Film
October 25-28
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 786-5832

NOVEMBER
First Thanksgiving
November 7
Williamsburg, Virginia
(800) 368-6511

18th Century Threshing Day
November 18
McLean, Virginia
(703) 442-7557

James Monroe Lecture
November 28
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 899-4559

DECEMBER
128th Anniversary
Battle of Fredericksburg
December 10 and 16
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 373-4461

Christmas in the Field
December 15-16
Newport News, Virginia
(804) 247-8523

Woodrow Wilson Birthday
Open House
December 28
Staunton, Virginia
(703) 885-0897

WESTERN VIRGINIA

On a Sunday afternoon recently the Kingwood Pike Coon Hunters Club was holding target practice when a storm blew up. All 24 of the members ran under a tin-roofed pavilion to get out of the rain, when all of a sudden they were zapped by a bolt of lightning.

"It just happened," said James Seaman. "No crack, no thunder, no nothing, then it hit and there were people all over there yelling."

The next day, eleven coon hunters were still in the hospital, being treated for burns, chest pains, and other electric shock symptoms.

"It makes you wonder," said one local resident, "if The Lord ain't a big ole raccoon." ✪

SHOELESS JOE:

Economic conditions in the post-World War I South were such that he started working at the age of six and never had the opportunity to learn to read or write.

But his natural athletic ability soon became his ticket out of poverty–and to the North, a ticket he accepted reluctantly. He was very hesitant to leave his native South. His first train ride North ended abruptly when, unknown to team officials, he got off and boarded the next train back to South Carolina.

Once he decided to stay, he was ridiculed for his Southern ways. In a popular restaurant, his team members once convinced him he was supposed to drink from his finger bowl–an embarrassment he did not soon forget.

But his distaste for the North was tempered by his love for the game of baseball. Often when he would make the catch for the final out of the game he would run to the deepest part of centerfield, turn at the fence, and throw the ball over the backstop–a toss of around 450 feet. These were known as "show outs." He was such a superior fielder, his glove became known as "the place where triples go to die."

In the 1919 World Series, as a member of the Chicago White Sox, he batted .375, had 12 hits, caught 15 fly balls and threw out five baserunners from his left field position. But following this stellar performance, he was banned from baseball forever for allegedly helping to "throw" the 1919 Series in what was to become known as the "Black Sox" scandal. His banishment was so surprising that Robert Ripley included his story in his "Believe It or Not" collection.

He was a Southerner. He was a scapegoat. His name was Joe Jackson.

Two of the poems I most admire are very short. One is simply a name -- *Shoeless Joe Jackson.* Read it aloud and feel the assonance and alliteration. The other is a phrase *Say it ain't so, Joe,* delivered sadly, with its final rhyme. There is a mythic quality in both of these poems.

The name, Shoeless Joe Jackson; the actual historic figure born in the rural South; his bat, *Black Betsy,* and his role in the 1919 *Black Sox Scandal*; the wounded plea of a small boy on the courthouse steps; and baseball itself--are all the stuff of mythology. And mythology is sort of a hanging curveball for writers and film-makers.

Born in Pickens County, South Carolina, around 1888, give or take a year (the Jackson family Bible, which recorded such events, was destroyed in a fire) Joe Jackson, by all accounts, was a remarkable natural athlete.

Donald Gropman's 1979 biography *Say It Ain't So, Joe!* contains most of the details of Jackson's life, although it is scarcely an unbiased account. Jackson was Gropman's immigrant father's favorite player, and although the author spent extensive time with interviews and yellowed newspaper clippings--his work is essentially a tall tale with tragic overtones, a glorification of Jackson's abilities and a defense of a player whose illiteracy and Southern background led to shabby treatment from the press even before the Scandal. Gropman is unwavering in his belief that Jackson's claim (supposedly spoken the day before he died in 1951) "I don't deserve this thing that's happened to me" was valid.

Gropman is also completely unskeptical of the legend of

from
The Rural South
to
The Field Of Dreams

By Ray Merlock

Jackson's fabled bat, "his talisman,": Black Betsy. The bat, presumably the Southern boy's most prized tool, was a gift to Joe when he was fifteen or sixteen from a Charley Ferguson, "the local batmaker" who "selected his best billet of seasoned lumber...a long four-by-four which he had cut from the north side of a hickory tree a year or so before." After "clamping it in a lathe and fashioning the pale white wood into a bat, Charley rubbed it in a coat or two of tobacco juice because he knew Joe favored black bats." Throughout his playing days, fans would yell, "Give 'em Black Betsy, Joe!" and Jackson would respond with the line drives his fans called "blue darters." Stories surfaced, if not during Jackson's playing days at least later, that Joe reportedly took his bat to bed with him every night, as well as down South each winter because he believed she preferred the warmth. Jackson, when he was in his early fifties, presumably gave the bat to the mayor of Greenville, South Carolina (where he had grown up and where he lived most of his life). The bat, thus according to legend, went unbroken through countless Mill League, minor league, and exhibition games. The "Black Betsy" story was recast by Bernard Malamud in his 1952 novel *The Natural* as the main character Roy Hobbs (a composite of Joe Jackson, Babe Ruth, and Eddie Waitkus) travels with his bat "Wonderboy" fashioned from a tree struck by lightning. To my knowledge and that of *Baseball Digest*, whom I contacted, those are the only two recorded instances of a baseball bat receiving a "Christian" name.

Other aspects of Jackson's youth and life are less fanciful. His tenant farmer father and his three brothers all worked in a Brandon Mill, South Carolina, sawmill until the father moved to Pelzer, south of Greenville where he found a job in the engine room of a new cotton mill. Jackson himself began working seventy-hour weeks in the mills at age six. Educational opportunities were non-existent. The mill owners sponsored baseball teams to create a "sense of community" --actually to provide local entertainment to appease employees and to discourage them from moving their families from the shanties they rented and away from the Company Store.

Jackson's abnormally long arms, huge hands, and natural playing ability (he could hit, run, field and throw) made him a star on the mill teams, and supposedly his brothers "passed the hat" into which spectators threw coins whenever Joe got a timely hit or made a stellar catch or throw. (Jackson did some pitching, but, after one of his deliveries struck a batter breaking his arm, he converted to outfielder). *The Greenville News* in 1900 commented favorably on the fact that "goodly sums of money" were being bet on the games, interpreting this as proof of baseball's growing popularity.

According to Gropman, Jackson acquired the "Shoeless Joe" nickname around 1908. It was not a case of a country boy unused to shoes preferring to play in his bare feet. Supposedly Jackson, attempting to break in a new pair of spikes, the next day experienced painful blisters which would not permit him to wear footwear. In the scheduled game against an Anderson, South Carolina, mill team, Jackson played in his stocking feet and homered, and, as he rounded third, a fan shouted, "Oh, you shoeless sonofabitch!" The baseball writer for the *Greenville News*, Scoop Latimer, coined "Shoeless Joe Jackson" in his column the next day much to his readers' delight.

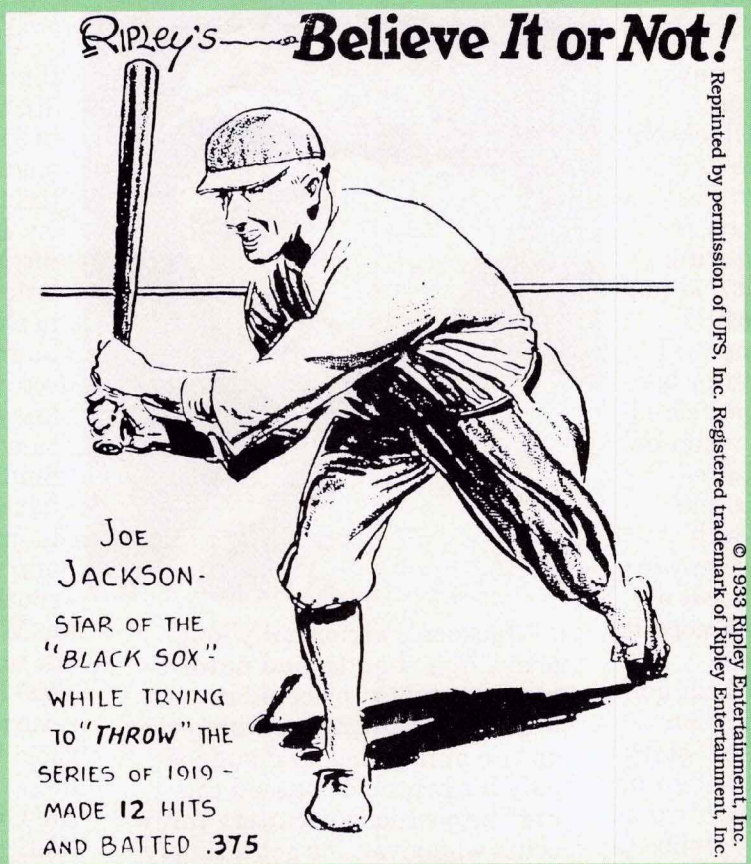
Jackson's major league playing time extended from 1908-1920 although the equivalent of full seasons in the majors spanned only 8.2 years, not thirteen as has often been given. He was purchased by Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, had difficulty adjusting to the northern city and his teammates, and spent one season with Savannah in the Sally League and another with the New Orleans Pelicans of the Southern League. (Jackson felt comfortable and found his teammates more hospitable and less given to pranks in the southern cities). In 1910, Connie Mack traded the talented but unpredictable Jackson (in 1908 he left the parent club to return to Greenville) to the Cleveland Indians, and in 1915 he was traded by Cleveland to the Chicago White Sox. His .356 lifetime batting average is the third highest in major league history behind Ty Cobb (who consistently bested Jackson in the batting races) and Rogers Hornsby and currently still ahead of Wade Boggs. A rather suspect story claims that Babe Ruth copied Jackson's swing because it was the smoothest he ever observed, while Ty Cobb is on record as describing Jackson as "the best natural hitter he ever saw."

In Chicago, Jackson played for owner Charlie Comiskey, who savored the power of "indentured servitude"-- baseball's

reserve clause binding players to the team that held their contracts (prior to Curt Flood's legal case a half-century later). Comiskey was steadfast in his view players should not be overpaid. Jackson's highest salary with the White Sox was $6,000 in 1919. Characteristic of Comiskey's tight-fisted strategies (except in the case of the college-educated second baseman Eddie Collins who earned $10,000 in 1919) was his handling of star pitcher Eddie Cicotte, master of the knuckler (involving specially-prepared imbalanced baseballs) and the now illegal shine ball (involving paraffin on the pant leg). Cicotte was promised a bonus if he won 30 games. When the pitcher reached 29 wins, he was removed from the rotation (the team had already clinched the pennant, and the argument given was that Cicotte needed to be rested for the World Series).

Comiskey's role as a symbol of insensitive capitalism became pivotal for at least three contemporary writers; the historian of the 1919 Series Scandal Eliot Asinof in his 1962 investigative account *Eight Men Out*; the socially conscious author (*Union Dues*) and screenwriter-director (*The Return of the Seacaucus Seven* and *Matewan*) John Sayles, who scripted and directed the film version of *Eight Men Out* and who cast Asinof in a small role as president of the National League; and playwright Lawrence Kelly who wrote the 1976 off-Broadway drama *Out*! For them, Shoeless Joe Jackson is forever a doomed innocent, mistreated and held in low regard by his employer, and susceptible to the money-making pleas of a few select teammates and the mushrooming complexity of a Watergate/Irangate-like conspiracy.

Generally accepted details of the fix disclose the scheme was initiated by first baseman Chick Gandel, who, encouraged initially by minor gambling elements and finally supported by kingpin Arnold Rothstein, easily recruited Cicotte, who was anxious about his financial security after his playing days ended. Six other members of the White Sox, including Jackson, were approached. In the Series, Jackson collected twelve hits, batted .375, and made no errors in the field. Later, after the Cincinnati Reds' victory over a Sox team that some experts have claimed was as formidable as the 1927 Yankees, Jackson received $5,000. Gropman in his biography claims Jackson attempted to reveal the plot to Comiskey, was denied access to the owner, and was later told by the club to keep the money. During the 1920 season, an investigation prompted by sportswriters led to three of the eight confessing before a grand jury. Jackson, supposedly with assurances and on the advice of Comiskey's lawyer, signed a confession with his "X."


RIPLEY'S — Believe It or Not!
JOE JACKSON - STAR OF THE "BLACK SOX" WHILE TRYING TO "THROW" THE SERIES OF 1919 - MADE 12 HITS AND BATTED .375
Reprinted by permission of UFS, Inc. Registered trademark of Ripley Entertainment, Inc.
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The "say it ain't so, Joe" line first appeared in a September 30, 1920 article by Hugh Fullerton in *The New York Evening World* the day after Jackson's grand jury appearance. According to Fullerton:

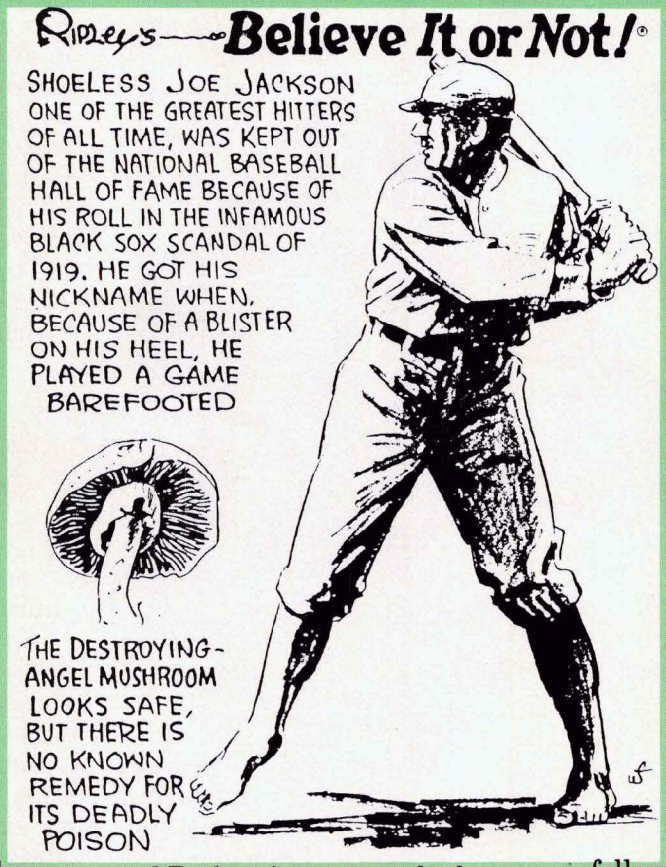
While he related the sordid details to the stern faced, shocked men, there gathered outside the big stone building a group of boys....After an hour, a man, guarded like a felon by other men, emerged from the door. He did not swagger. He slunk along between his guardians, and the kids, with wide eyes and tightened throats, watched, and one, bolder than the others, pressed forward and said "It ain't so, Joe, is it?" Jackson gulped back a sob, the shame of utter shame flushed his brown face. He choked an instant, "Yes Kid, I'm afraid it is," and the world of faith crushed around the heads of the kids. Their idol lay in the dust, their faith destroyed. Nothing was true, nothing was honest. There was no Santa Claus. Then, and not until then, did Jackson, hurrying away to escape the sight of the faces of the kids, understand the enormity of what he had done.

According to Gropman, Fullerton's account was mere fiction, the fantasy of a biased, opportunistic reporter who had, in 1911, predicted Jackson "would fail in the major leagues because he was ignorant" and who delighted in presenting as truth the old yarn that "the club was forced to hog tie him to get shoes

on him as he wailed he couldn't hit unless he could get toe holds." Gropman provides Jackson's assertion that, when he left the courthouse, the only words exchanged were between himself and a deputy and that no member of the waiting crowd spoke to him. In any case "Say It Ain't So, Joe" became fifty years later the title of a hit song by Murray Head.

In Malamud's *The Natural,* the fictional Roy Hobbs is shot in a hotel room by a deranged woman (as real-life Phillies star Eddie Waitkus was). Finally years later Hobbs, now in his mid-thirties, enters the majors and crushes home runs with his Black Betsy-like bat named Wonderboy. A bout of gluttony sends him to the hospital during a crucial time in the season (the recasting of a Babe Ruth story), and, prior to the pennant playoff game, Hobbs is tempted with a bribe by the club owner and his gambling associate to throw the contest. Hobbs, after deciding to win the game with a last-inning hit, is struck out. The cloud of conspiracy surfaces, and on the last page of the novel, a boy thrusts a newspaper at Hobbs and asks, "Say it ain't true, Roy." The source for the line is obvious although Malamud's use of assonance in "true"/"Roy" is less successful. The Barry Levinson-directed film version with Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs has a positive, mythic ending as Hobbs wins the playoff game with a god-like home run that knocks out a light tower, showering the field with sparks, retires (his old wound so dictating), and spends his remaining years with the Good Woman (Glenn Close), who unbeknownst to him always supported Roy, and their son. The real Joe Jackson had no children, but his 1908 marriage to Katherine Wynn did last 43 years until his death in 1951.

In the February 1921 trial, held five months after the grand jury indictments, the eight players were acquitted largely because evidence including the signed confessions had been stolen and was thus unavailable. Speculation exists that the theft was planned jointly by Comiskey and Rothstein, strange bedfellows working together to protect their own interests. Supporting this charge is the fact that, in 1924, when Jackson filed a lawsuit against Comiskey and the White Sox to collect two years salary, amounting to $18,000, on his contract, his confession reappeared and was used against him by the defense attorneys who argued the slugger had voided his contract when he implicated himself in the fix. Jackson lost the case as the judge not only overturned the jury verdict but sentenced Jackson to a brief jail term for perjury.


Ripley's Believe It or Not!
SHOELESS JOE JACKSON ONE OF THE GREATEST HITTERS OF ALL TIME, WAS KEPT OUT OF THE NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME BECAUSE OF HIS ROLL IN THE INFAMOUS BLACK SOX SCANDAL OF 1919. HE GOT HIS NICKNAME WHEN, BECAUSE OF A BLISTER ON HIS HEEL, HE PLAYED A GAME BAREFOOTED
THE DESTROYING-ANGEL MUSHROOM LOOKS SAFE, BUT THERE IS NO KNOWN REMEDY FOR ITS DEADLY POISON
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In November 1920, two weeks after he had been named Commissioner of Baseball with absolute power by the owners, former District Court Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis made his feelings on the eight players known: "There is absolutely no chance for any of them to creep back into Organized Baseball. They will be and remain outlaws....It is sure that the guilt of some of them at least will be proved." The day after the jury verdict was reached, Landis--certainly to the pennant-minded Comiskey's dismay--issued his sentence: "Regardless of the verdict of juries, no player that undertakes or promises to throw a ball game; no player that sits in a conference with a bunch of crooked players and gamblers where the ways and means of throwing games are planned and discussed and does not promptly tell his club about it, will ever play professional baseball." Landis's announcement sealed the fates not only of those who followed through on the conspiracy, but also of Buck Leonard, who supposedly knew what certain teammates were planning but who played as well as he personally could in the Series, and of Jackson.

Stories persisted--and have been wrongly validated by the ending of Sayles's *Eight Men Out*--that, after the Landis ban, Jackson played under assumed names where he could on the fringes of baseball, collecting $5 a game and $7.50 for a doubleheader. In the final scene of *Eight Men Out,* a sparse crowd

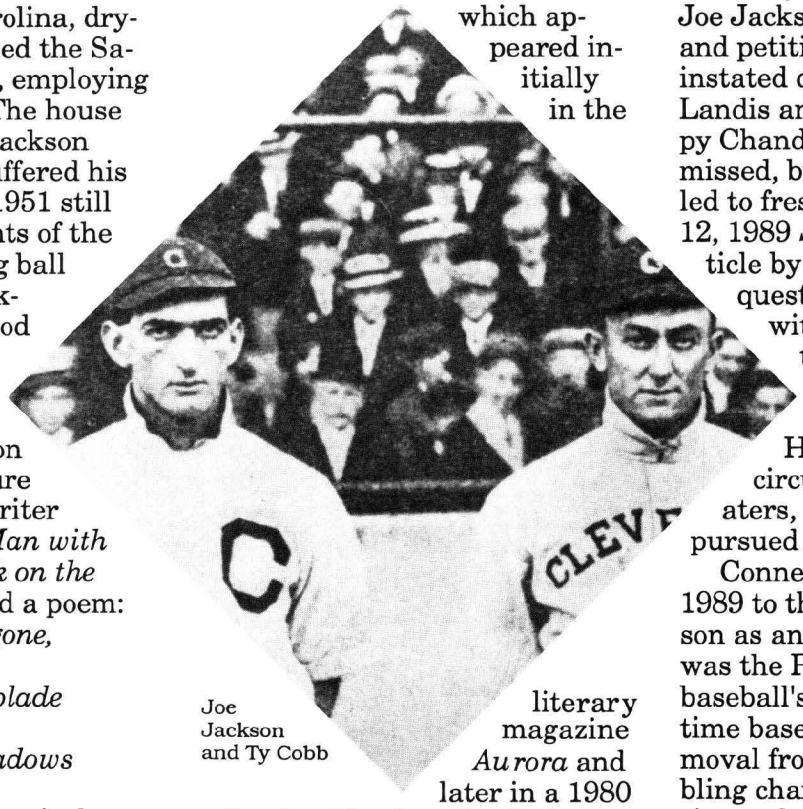
watches an aged Jackson (D.B. Sweeney) slam a double; a fan claims he thinks that's Shoeless Joe, but another spectator, an unrecognized Buck Weaver (John Cusack), affirms sadly and defiantly, "No, that's not him." According to Gropman, however, after his expulsion from the majors, until age 45, Jackson played under his own name in the semiprofessional South Georgia League and in promotional contests, where he was advertised in posters and warmly treated by fans. Later Jackson and his wife operated a Greenville, South Carolina, dry-cleaning business called the Savannah Valet Service, employing over twenty people. The house in Greenville where Jackson lived and where he suffered his fatal heart attack in 1951 still stands. Older residents of the area recall his playing ball on the streets on weekends with neighborhood kids until the last days of his life.

Vestiges and usages of the Joe Jackson myth in popular culture are many. Chicago writer Nelson Algren (*The Man with the Golden Arm, Walk on the Wild Side*) contributed a poem:

For Shoeless Joe is gone,
long gone
A long yellow glass-blade
between his teeth
And the bleacher shadows
behind him.

In the Broadway musical *Damn Yankees* (Tab Hunter in the film version playing the role of Joe Hardy, the old man who traded his soul to become a major league star), one of the strongest numbers is "Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo." A 1950's television series "On Trial" (with depictions of the trials of infamous 20th century personages) included an episode on Jackson with a scene where a tattered newsboy runs up to Joe on the witness stand and utters the famous five-word plea. Gropman and Asinof contributed non-fiction prose accounts and Malamud with *The Natural* a fictional one. Film versions include *The Natural, Eight Men Out*, and, most recently, *Field of Dreams*.

An American Indian writer whose works often--but not always--revolve around baseball (*The Iowa Baseball Conspiracy, The Thrill of the Grass*), W.P. Kinsella, first presented the tale of a ghostly Jackson appearing on a baseball diamond built in an Iowa cornfield in a short story "*Shoeless Joe Jackson Comes to Iowa,*" which appeared initially in the literary magazine *Aurora* and later in a 1980 collection *Shoeless Joe Jackson Comes to Iowa*. In 1982 the 17-page short story grew into the novel *Shoeless Joe*, which served as the source for the 1989 film *Field of Dreams*--directed by Phil Alden Robinson with Kevin Costner, James Earl Jones, and, as a right-hand hitting Joe Jackson, Ray Liotta. The mood of both the novel and the motion picture is wistful. A baseball fan, dreamer, and former student-turned farmer--(played by Costner and named in the film, appropriately enough, Kinsella) is told by a benevolent voice to "build it and he will come." The forces behind the voice offer Jackson heavenly reinstatement in baseball and effect a reconciliation between a celebrated hermit writer and humanity, and between Kinsella and his deceased father.



Joe Jackson and Ty Cobb

Although at least one reviewer, Harlan Jacobsen in *Film Comment*, criticized the film's Capra-like spirit and the substituting of a black writer (Jones) for the J.D. Salinger of the novel, the film was a summer success reinitiating interest in and sympathy for Shoeless Joe Jackson. Previous efforts and petitions to have Jackson reinstated during the terms of Landis and Commissioner Happy Chandler had been dismissed, but the film's popularity led to fresh attempts. A June 12, 1989 *Sports Illustrated* article by Nicholas Dawidoff questioned how Jackson with his .356 lifetime batting average could be prohibited from inclusion in Baseball's Hall of Fame, petitions circulated in movie theaters, and state legislators pursued motions.

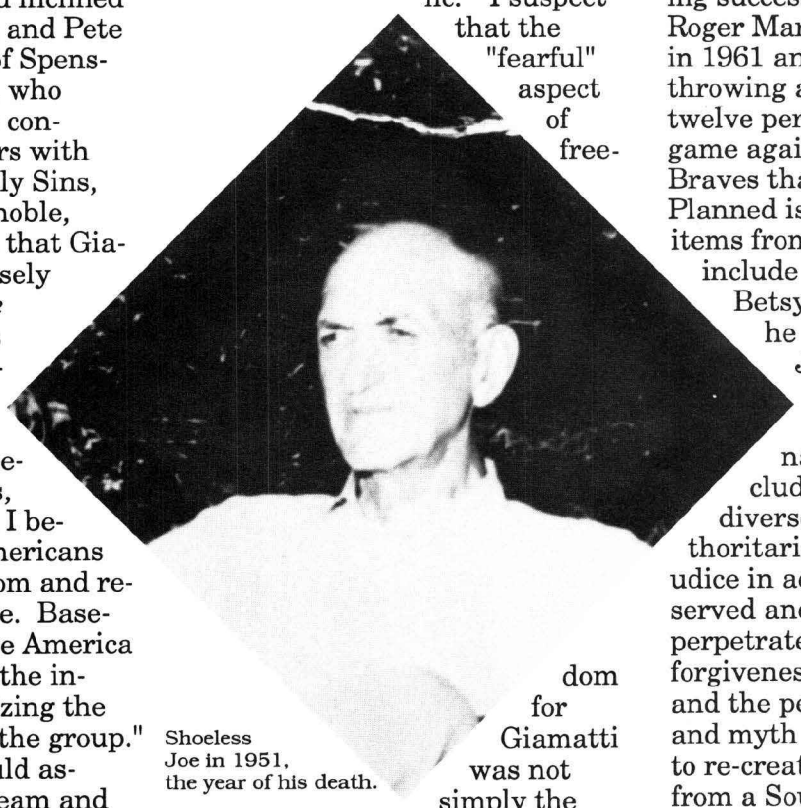
Connected in the summer of 1989 to the resurgence of Jackson as an entertainment icon was the Pete Rose case, in which baseball's most proficient all-time base hit leader faced removal from the game on gambling charges, and the news stories and commentaries often included mention of Jackson and the 1919 Black Sox Scandal, the incident that had led professional baseball and its Commissioner to their position on players gambling on games. The decision on Rose's status rested with a former literary scholar and President of Yale, Commissioner Bart Giamatti.

Shorty after the lifetime banning of Rose, Giamatti reviewed an appeal by South Carolina State Senator Ernest Passailaigue requesting the reinstatement of Joseph Jefferson

Jackson. As might be expected from a man whose published works included *Exile and Change in Renaissance Literature, Play of Double Senses: Spenser's Faerie Queen,* and a reflection on baseball *Take Time for Paradise,* written just before his death, Giamatti's response, quoted in the August 11, 1989 issue of *The New Times,* read, "I share the view that a resurrection by me of the case today would not be appropriate" as he "did not wish to play God with history." Perhaps for the academically-trained and inclined Giamatti, Joe Jackson and Pete Rose were variations of Spenser's Red Cross Knight, who would have to face the consequences of encounters with any of the Seven Deadly Sins, and on the concept of noble, tragic human freedom that Giamatti defined so verbosely and abstractly in *Take Time for Paradise:* "Is not freedom the fulfillment of the promise of an energetic, complex order? Clearly I believe the answer is yes, and clearly, therefore, I believe we cherish as Americans a game wherein freedom and reunion are both possible. Baseball fulfills the promise America made itself to cherish the individual while recognizing the overarching claims of the group."

The "group," one would assume, is not just the team and the opposing players but the fans, the writers, and all who participate in the spectacle. Giamatti continues, "It sends its players out (from home plate around the bases) in order to return again, allowing all the freedom to accomplish great things in a dangerous world (of strikeouts, tags and caught fly balls)." (One might also add of gamblers.) "So baseball restates a version of America's promises every time it is played. The playing of the game is a restatement of the promises that we can all be free, that we can all succeed."

The freedom of which Giamatti writes, one would guess, is not simply of open spaces but of the capability to choose action. He continues: "If we have known freedom, then we love it; if we love freedom, then we fear, at some level (individually or collectively), its loss. And then we cherish sport. As our forebears did, we remind ourselves through sport of what, here on earth, is our noblest hope. Through sport, we re-create our daily portion of freedom, in public." I suspect that the "fearful" aspect of freedom for Giamatti was not simply the momentary decision to swing at a bad pitch or turn the wrong way on a fly ball but, at least in the cases of Jackson and Rose, darker, available choices of which others must be warned. The case of Jackson includes a historic precedent involving the consequences of an act of freedom judged, one that has become the basis of an essential principle in the mythic and moral makeup of the sports universe.



Shoeless Joe in 1951, the year of his death.

The legend and legacy of Shoeless Joe Jackson--revolving around the colorful name, the playing prowess, and the special bat--along with the controversy over the extent of his involvement in the 1919 Black Sox affair now constitute more than the problem of whether Jackson should be posthumously elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame. In a way, he is already there. Anyone who has visited Cooperstown knows there is more to the structure than the room where the plaques of Hall of Famers are located. There are mementos not just of distinguished careers, but of passing successes--large photos of Roger Maris hitting a home run in 1961 and of Harvey Haddix throwing a pitch during the twelve perfect innings of the game against the Milwaukee Braves that he eventually lost. Planned is a new exhibit with items from baseball movies to include the replica of Black Betsy Sweeney used when he portrayed Shoeless Joe in *Eight Men Out* . Jackson's legacy is both lyrical and poignantly symbolic. It includes images of dueling, diverse examples of authoritarian exploitation, prejudice in action, stern justice deserved and extracted, injustice perpetrated, the possibility of forgiveness and resurrection, and the persistence of fantasy and myth for artists continually to re-create—all this derived from a Southerner with special, splendid athletic gifts who never learned to read or write. ✪

Ray Merlock teaches journalism at the University of South Carolina-Spartanburg and reviews movies for public television's* Carolina Journal. *He is currently writing a scholarly biography of Gene Autry.

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PARTISAN

Conversation

Congressman Dick Armey

Congressman Dick Armey represents the 26th District of Texas, which includes Arlington, Denton, and several suburbs of north Dallas.

A native of Cando, North Dakota, he received his Ph.D. from the University of Oklahoma. He taught Economics at West Texas State, Austin College, and at the University of North Texas where he served as Chairman of the Department of Economics from 1977-1983. He was elected to Congress in 1984.

By working the floor of the House, he has had an impact on a number of pieces of legislation despite his relatively few years in Washington. Known for his sense of humor, he once called parental leave bills "yuppie welfare."

A member of the Budget Committee, it was his 1988 military base closing bill that is projected to save $700 million a year by providing for the first closings since 1977.

He was reelected in 1986 and 1988 by 2 to 1 margins, and is expected to return with an equally impressive margin this year.

He was interviewed in his Capitol Hill office by Texan and regular *Southern Partisan* contributor Charles Goolsby.

Southern Partisan: You never were a Boll Weevil (Conservative Southern Democrat) were you?

Armey: No, in fact, I grew up in North Dakota, so we had very liberal Democrats and very moderate Republicans. When I came to Texas, I was a Republican, as my parents were. I became more and more so a Republican as I learned about economics, but was fascinated that Texas Democrats were always more conservative than Yankee Republicans.

Southern Partisan: Why then do you think that so many conservatives in the South continue to vote Democratic?

Armey: I think that is changing. I think that fewer and fewer are voting Democratic and more and more conservative Democrats are leaving the party. The national Democratic Party is basically setting a left-wing party line that is now prevailing even in the smaller, rural counties. For instance, in Denton County, we've just had Buddy Cole, a lifelong Democrat, switch because he couldn't find any agreement with his Party, even on the county level. His point, again, was that *he didn't change, they changed.*

Southern Partisan: Is the national Republican Party doing enough to attract these Boll Weevils, the Democratic to Republican crossovers?

Armey: That's pretty hard for me to evaluate, because, quite frankly, I have minimal involvement in politics per se. But I really think that there are two things happening where we see people switching. One, the national Republican Party is presenting its case much better. It is always open and remains committed to freedom of thought and freedom of expression within its own ranks, and the Democratic Party is becoming a party of the rigid party line on the Left and is less and less accommodating to people who want to stray from that party line. We really see that at the local level, where folks say to me, "Look, not only will they not welcome me, but they won't tolerate my point of view."

Southern Partisan: What do you think are the priority issues of the 1990s?

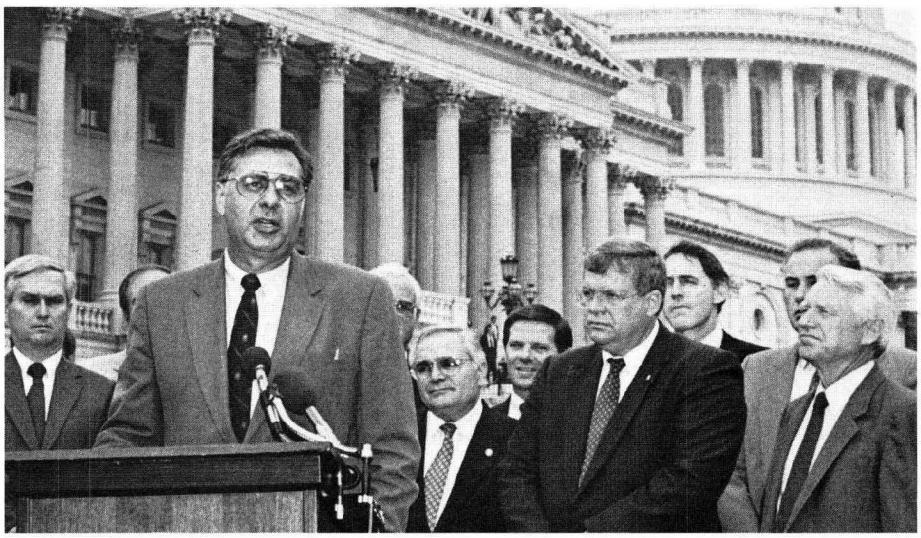
Armey: Of course immediately, on the surface, is the reduction of the deficit. As we get into this and understand it better, it really means bringing greater sanity and a reduction in the scope and effort of the federal government. In the words of my father, they've gotten "too big for their britches," and have to be "brought down a notch or two."

The federal government has intruded into every aspect of our lives. So I think we are really going to have to talk about massive reform within the context of our heritage. That translates into spending reductions and feeds back into the budget deficit issue.

Southern Partisan: Are there other issues?

Armey: We will struggle to maintain a strong defense posture and we will constantly be fighting the left-wing vision with respect to intrusion into the rights of the individual. For example, the right of the working man and woman to bargain for his or her own benefit package commensurate with his or her own needs--rather than have these things mandated to them by Congress.

We will also be fighting the intrusion of the government into the life of the family. This is going to be a constant struggle, for as the rigidity of the party line of the Democratic Party becomes more encompassing, we will see a greater devotion to these left-wing agenda items.



Southern Partisan: Are these issues being addressed now in the Congress?

Armey: Oh yes, we are at that point now with the ABC Child Care Bill, the Civil Rights Restoration Act and now the Civil Rights Act of 1990.

Southern Partisan: Would you explain your opposition to the Civil Rights Acts of 1989 and 1990?

Armey: Well, the issue of civil rights is about the right of the *individual person* to be treated with respect and dignity and to have *individually* equal rights along with everyone else. I see that being destroyed now as they try to collectivize these rights into definable groups.

The Civil Rights Restoration Act was about agencies that had the audacity to believe that if they did not accept federal money, they were not required to make federal reports regarding their innocence of things they were not charged with.

In the case of the Civil Rights Act of 1990, we have a little different circumstance. Here we are trying to collectivize. We are trying to place a quota system. And the first victims of this quota system will be low-skilled, untrained, inexperienced, entry-level workers from minority ranks. That is because you have this sensational juxtaposition of the racial mix in your low-skilled jobs against the racial mix in high-skilled managerial jobs. The idea is to achieve parity in the racial mix in the two categories.

One way you achieve this parity (and the quickest and easiest way for most personnel managers) is to reduce the number of minority people in the low-skilled jobs, and that is precisely the area where you have your greatest degree of desperation in terms of the need for a job. Thomas Sowell pointed that out very well.

But the Left is so ideologically committed that they are callously indifferent to the *real impact* upon *real lives* of this legislative effort.

Southern Partisan: The South has been singled out for some time with respect to Civil Rights legislation. Do you think this special treatment is justified?

Armey: No, I don't think so. I think the South has been the victim of an unfair stereotype. I remember during the halcyon days of the Civil Rights Movement. I was a young college student and got an A in my speech class because I gave a speech to the effect that we in the North could not speak with great self-righteous indignation about the treatment of blacks in the South as long as we were treating the American Indians as we were in the North. It's just a matter of who is receiving the

treatment in different parts of the country. This is not uniquely Southern.

One of the things that has fascinated me most about the South is I have looked, for example, at some of the news retrospectives on the '60s. Those people with the clubs and the dogs who were beating on the black protesters were all Democrats. Democratic sheriffs, Democratic deputies, Democratic governors standing in the doors--and yet the black American has found this allegiance to the Democratic Party. I've always thought that an unusual thing. But I do not think that it is a regional problem.

Southern Partisan: You have been somewhat critical of recent grants by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). Are you satisfied now with the response of that agency to your concerns?

Armey: No, not at all. I'm not at all satisfied with the response of the advocates of the continuation of the NEA on a business as usual basis. Quite frankly, the arts comedy that we have watched for the past year has inspired Armey's Axiom: "That the public image of a profession will always be defined by the least and the most grievous to the people in the profession." Most people in this country who are artists, either performing artists or creative artists, are good, true, honorable people with the best of all purposes in their work. What we see emerging in this great debate are the brats of the arts community, what I've come to call the ANC of the arts community. What they have done to one another has been worse than any member of Congress has ever done. The fact of the matter is if you are devoted to freedom of expression in the arts, you should not be able to tolerate the existence of a government agency that defines what is or is not art worthy of funding or support, especially if in fact the NEA dollar is leveraged 10 to 1 as the advocates of the NEA argue. I am offended by the argument that without the existence of the NEA there would be a dearth of artistic expression and artistic enjoyment in this country. Americans enjoyed, patronized, and participated in the arts long before the National Endowment for the Arts, and I dare say that the quality of their participation was much greater than it has been since the existence of the NEA.

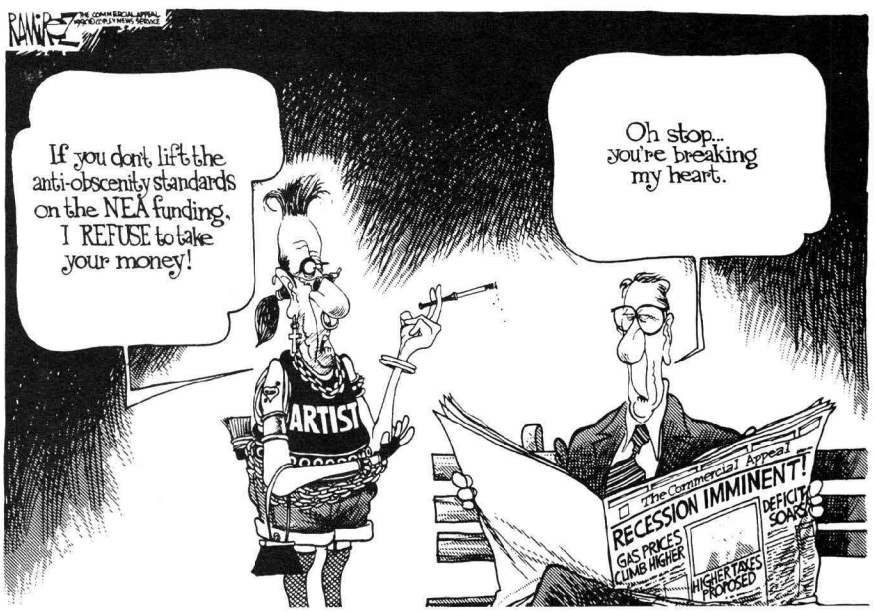
Southern Partisan: Have you come to the conclusion, then, that NEA can't be reformed and ought to be defunded?

Armey: I don't think you can reform the NEA. We've worked very hard for that end and it has been very difficult. I understand the problems that they have in terms of defining a standard. But my argument has been, "Look, all we ask of you people is if you've got the privilege of dispensing a share of the public's money that you do so with some sensitivity, some sense of good taste, some sense of moral and ethical restraint in compliance with the standards of the community and accept the same oversight that you yourself would demand for every other agency of the government." But they're not willing to do these things. They are committed to the proposition that art exists for the express purpose of offending the crass sensibilities of the mundane middle class American who apparently, according to them, needs not only to be *offended*, but needs to *finance* the offensive activities.

Southern Partisan: Turning to foreign and domestic policy for a moment, are you hopeful that this Middle East Crisis will revive domestic oil production?

Armey: I think certainly it opens up all kinds of questions again. The vulnerability that we have to the cutoff of foreign supplies has been exhibited. We have ample resources left *undeveloped* for a variety of reasons we must reconsider. Certainly the rise in oil prices has got to spur greater activity in those areas where we don't have either environmental or state ownership obstacles to the use of the resources on the land. So, it's certainly going to help from that point of view. But the average Texan is going to be more *hurt* than *helped* by this, because the average Texan is pumping his gas at the station, not pumping it out of the ground.

The major, overwhelming tragedy of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait is the loss of freedom to the Kuwaitis. To try to set that right is the reason we're there.


RAWLS
If you don't lift the anti-obscenity standards on the NEA funding, I REFUSE to take your money!
ARTIST
Oh stop... you're breaking my heart.
The Commercial Appeal
RECESSION IMMINENT!
DEFICIT SOARS
GAS PRICES CLIMB HIGHER
HIGHER TAXES PROPOSED

Southern Partisan: Are there some lessons for defense policy that we can learn from the present crisis?

Armey: I suppose the first thing I would say is if you see a nation building up their deployments on another nation's border, don't believe it when they come and say, "Well, we're doing this, but we don't intend to cross the border." Knowing what we do about the Iraqis, we should never have trusted any diplomatic statements they gave us.

Nevertheless, I think our response was very good and I think we did learn something, for in the one or two days that we off-loaded and deployed our M-1 tanks, we saw a substantial change in the attitudes. Despotism is best met with a strong show of power and resolve. I don't know if we can achieve full restoration of freedom to the Kuwaitis, but I think we will make a major difference.

Southern Partisan: Would you say then that the defense cuts we have seen may have been a bit premature in retrospect?

Armey: Well, as a matter of fact, I made that speech in the defense budget part of our Budget Committee markup. After everybody else finished their "peace-has-broken-out-all-over-so-we-need-to-cut-it-to-the-bone" speeches, I tracked them through our history of retiring our defense capabilities. After World War I we figured we'd taught the Germans a lesson they'd not soon forget, then we stood down from our readiness and were unprepared when Pearl Harbor came. We did the same thing after World War II and ended up in Korea and so on down the line. The fact of the matter is, even if the Soviets seem to be putting a different post-Cold War posture out in front of us, as we saw in the high drama of January 1990, that does not mean we don't face a threat that must be met from other nations in other parts of the globe. Saddam Hussein has punctuated that point.

Southern Partisan: That includes strategic defenses as well?

Armey: More and more we have become convinced that the Strategic Defense Initiative is most needed for the possibility that a Qadhafi or someone like him will have nuclear capability and it is those one or two stray missiles coming from a place like that which we are most in need of protecting against.

Southern Partisan: Most traditional Southerners are somewhat suspicious of industrial growth and have a profound love for the land and the wildlife that is supported by it. This has not always been an attitude characteristic of Republicans. What is your own orientation?

Armey: I have to laugh at that, because my wife is a Southern belle from East Tennessee and I'm always kidding her about her love of the land. She doesn't think you are supposed to use it, she thinks you are supposed to walk in it. You're supposed to feel it between your toes. I understand and appreciate that. I do love the land, and in my recent foray against the farm bill, I made the point that if you are a love-the-earth farmer, you couldn't tolerate what is being done to our nation's agricultural resources and resourcefulness by the continuation of these kinds of policies.

Southern Partisan: What brought you South?

Armey: I grew up with the bitter winters of North Dakota and the starkness. The romance of the South was a big attraction. I tell my wife that like in the Li'l Abner comic, every Yankee boy has a fantasy about a Southern woman, and she's my fantasy.

There's just something about the South, something about Dixie that is absolutely special. It is the prettiest part of the nation and the most comfortable part.

Southern Partisan: Have you supported efforts to retain some of the battlefield parks of the War and other periods in our history?

Armey: Yes, I have, and I'll continue to do so. I'm not hostile to economic development. But the fact of the matter is, some resources are so precious that their best first use is as a national park commemorating events of sacrifice and loss and courage.

Southern Partisan: One final question. Does the South have an effective political caucus in the Congress?

Armey: No, and it never really will, as long as the South continues to elect and be dominated by Yellow Dog Democrats. The average Southern Democrat in Congress is more conservative than the average Republican in Congress, or at least *as* conservative, and yet they are in the Democratic caucus and it is the *majority* of the Majority caucus that defines the agenda of the Congress. What you see more and more is that the Southern Democrat is either barely tolerated (such as in the case of a person like Congressman Ralph Hall, who to me is the star of the Southern Democrats in terms of their commitment to a principle) or they are co-opted into a quasi-leadership post. They can never get a leadership post unless they totally redefine themselves along the national party line. So I think the ability of the South to really stand and deliver a definitive vote on the floor of Congress is compromised.

With Super Tuesday and so forth, the Democrats have improved their ability to stand and deliver on a national candidate, but what good did it do them in 1988 with Dukakis? Sure, Al Gore got a moment in the sun, but...

I think the time has come for Southern Democrats to take a hard look and ask, "Is the national Democratic Party today at all capable of accommodating to the vision that has defined the persona of the South?" I think more and more they are getting pushed into a No Man's Land between the two parties.

Southern Partisan: Thank you very much, Congressman.

The Southron's Burden

by Laurie Hibbett

Southerners confronted by Northerners touring our section are made aware of the difference in their speech from ours. They approach us speaking a form of English known outside the United States as "American." We of the South also like to consider ourselves American; however, it has long been an accepted belief that we Southerners have an accent. And not just a different accent but a laughable accent. We are hesitant to ask the Northern visitor to repeat; he will laugh at us.

Unlike France, the United States has no Academie Francaise to issue the final word on pronunciation and usage, no court of appeal as to what constitutes good speech.

Who then determines what is accent and what is "correct American"?

You and I know: the Media. The word "media" is perhaps overworked but small wonder: the fact of the media is all-pervasive. Television jargon sets the standard for the American language. National television has decreed that the Southern tongue is "funny"; where Southern speech differs from TV-eze—which is in truth our national language—the Southern version (without resort to dictionary) automatically is branded ridiculous.

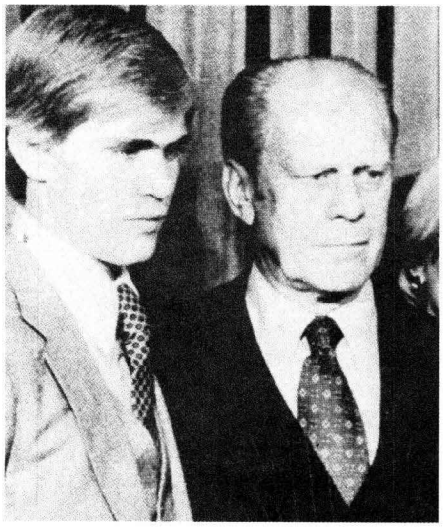
One has only to note the family names of those who manage the press and television to know that English is not always the mother tongue of many of these mass media arbiters of speech. Like the Norman conquerors of 11th century England, these modern invaders of our homes, with their show of wealth and assurance, shame the Anglo-Saxons into believing that the good old short pungent native words are uncouth.

Aware of this fact, let us reverse the usual procedure and consider compiling a dictionary defining for the Southerner some of the Northern speech patterns which are at variance with English (and sometimes with good sense).

One such error that comes instantly to mind is the general use on television of the word "forthcoming" to mean candid or forthright. President Ford was fond of this word. He admired people who were forthcoming. His whole family was forthcoming. Or to put it into true Grand Rapids English very, very forthcoming ("very,very" being, I suppose, twice as very as a simple very which is a weak modifier in the first place). Mr. Ford's son, the President said in a TV talk, confides in his father. "My son is forthcoming," said he. A purist would insist, I believe, that one's son could be forthcoming only on his natal day.

Television commentators, usually quick to pounce, let it go. Unfortunately, the term seems to be in general use in the North and it is growing in popularity. Soon those of us who persist in saying "forthright" will be laughed out of court.

I could multiply these little Northernisms many times. I will not go into the use of "myself" as a replacement for the good old short word "me," which will soon disappear from the American language altogether if TV has its wicked will



Gerald Ford and his "Forthcoming Son."

with us. "The visitor brought a beautiful gift to Mary and myself" is now standard. In its delight at discovering the all-purpose "myself" TV-eze now replaces "I" with its catch-all. "David and myself will be back soon with more of the evening news."

But it is the South that is inundated with booklets, paper place mats and wall hangings purporting to translate Southern speech for the benefit of Northern tourists who come South for sun and fun.

I am not for one moment defending the South as a model for

written or spoken English. Perish the thought. I am simply stating that the beam in the Yankee eye speech-wise (as he would say) makes him an inept gnat-strainer for the eye of his Southern brother.

The following are a few actual samples from the latest such glossary of "funny words" sent to me by a Northern acquaintance with the notation "I thought you would find these amusing."

(Like Queen Victoria, "We are not amused.")

The first word on the list was--"FETCH: me some water from the springhouse, Zeb."

To begin at the end, I must declare that I have lived in the South all my life and have yet to meet a person named Zeb. I presume this is short for Zebulon. The only Zebulon I ever heard of was Zebulon Pike of Pike's Peak fame. He was born in what is now the city of Trenton, New Jersey.

Let it pass. Zeb as a Southern name is cemented in the media mind. How has this been accomplished? By decree. By proclamation. By common usage, without consideration to fact. So be it.

On to the word "fetch." Surely someone in the Chicago firm where this particular glossary was printed should have noted that dogs do not laugh at the command "Fetch." So why should we laugh? Fetch is a neat little one-word sentence meaning bring it here. Apparently at TV Talk School where prolif-eration of words is de rigeur, the word is never heard, and not being heard in the media, it is "funny." When in doubt, don't consult Webster, laugh.

But when has a Northerner ever doubted his superiority to the Southerner?

"What he doesn't know isn't worth knowing" was an expression my mother used when alluding to people she considered pompous. No expression better describes the Typical TV Language Master.

If it isn't heard on the telly, and it is heard in the South, it must be wrong, and if wrong, then funny. How does the Northerner know this? The TV tells him so.

The majority of children in the South, brought up in homes where English is the only language (however debased it may be), the language inherited not learned, are familiar with a nursery rhyme having to do with Jack and Jill who went forth for the purpose of fetching a pail of water. Southern courtesy forbids our making fun of the non-English media controllers but surely we of the South need not apologize for the diversity of our own vocabularies. It does seem a little much to this Southerner, long accustomed to outrageous slings and arrows from the North, that such words as "fetch" are funny only because they are not the English of TV usage.

The television is the self-appointed arbiter of our language. It is the new "word made flesh that dwells among us."

Here let me cite another example from the same hillbilly lexicon:

SMART: It means "to hurt" — Example: "This cut on my arm sho' smarts a lot, Ma."

Considering that Webster defines "smart" as a verb to mean "feeling sharp pain," one wonders why this word as used in the example is the least bit humorous. Again the ignorance of the scoffer is plain.

As with the name "Zeb," the above witticism depends for its punch on the rest of the sentence. Therefore, the definition of "smart" lacks integrity. The word "smart" is given as the funny word, yet "sho" and "Ma" are thrown in (as "Zeb" is thrown in) and these two words have nothing to do with the word "smart."

One might say in passing that if indeed "sho" is used in the South (and I've never heard it pronounced that way) then the pronunciation is still somewhat defensible on the grounds that it is very like the way the British pronounce the word, which comes out to the American ear much like "shaw."

Colonel Blimp is asked where he saw service. He snaps to attention: "Inja, sah." Omitting syllables and cutting off final "r's" is, after all veddy British. So let us not laugh at the Southerner for speaking English.

Let us aim our guffaws northward, hurling our chuckles over the Bible Belt Boundary where true wit waits for rescue. It's the sporting thing to do. Turn about, and all that sort of thing.

As I said, I think a dictionary for Southerners who want to understand Northern dialect is overdue. What a wealth of guides for Southern talk they have printed for our edification. In the spirit of Hands-Across-The Mason-Dixon-Line, we should do for them what they have done for us. (I am not suggesting that we cut a swath of desolation from Chicago to the sea as Sherman did for Georgia to demonstrate that strange love that would not let us go.) Of course not! Old times here must be forgotten. It's a brave band these days that dares to play "Dixie."

No, the dictionary is all I propose, with translations duly set forth. Here is a sample that should appear in the completed volume:

YOU GUYS: This is the plural for the word "you." Although the word "guy" is of masculine gender (and is, in fact, a vulgarism) it is used by the Northern tourist to include both male and female of any age, creed, or color. A ten-year-old Northern boy may be heard to admonish a group composed of his mother, grandmother, and two young sisters, "Hurry up, you guys!"

"Zeb" Pike of Pike's Peak

To the Southern mother who would not tolerate being referred to as a "guy" by her son, it is not so much the word itself as the tone of voice that is shocking. People from the North should keep in mind, I think, that their commanding tone smites the Southern ear like the bark of the Marine drill sergeant falling on the ear of the raw recruit.

Recently, I sat in a restaurant with a friend of mine, a Southern girl. She was quietly observing two Northern ladies whose voices rose shrilly from a nearby table.

'Their words hit my ears like jackhammers," she said.

"I can't imagine those women saying in tender moments," she continued, "'I love you.' They certainly must say those words at times. (Both women were beautiful as movie stars and handsomely gotten out.) But their cadences have all the gentleness of a policeman reading his rights to the accused. No nonsense. 'Ieee love (short o as in golf) yah.' "

"Isn't it funny," she said, noticing my frown, "that although any Northerner will do a Southern imitation at the drop of a hat, on the few occasions when I have done my imitation of the Northern accent, everyone looks displeased, as you do now."

"Innate Southern politeness," I replied. "Mockery is not a pleasant form of humor. Humor at someone else's expense never is."

"I know," she said. "I only wonder why it is that we are supposed to take the jokes with constant good humor, but we are not allowed to turn the tables. Is it always our duty to be the polite ones?"

"Duty is the most sublime word in the English language," I replied, quoting Robert E. Lee.

Southerners pronounce love as "luv." Remember Robert Burns' "My Luve is like a red, red rose." Yes, Southern love is like a red, red rose. And if you don't think so re-read Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* where the old retainer, sent out to fetch (yes fetch) his master's body home from the battlefield, identified him by the silkiness of his hair--we had no untouchables in our society--we touched and were touched by our servants. He broke down and wept when he lifted the dead body of the young soldier. It is to deny history to say that such relationships never did exist. They did.

But I disgress. Let us return to Southern accents. Much was made of Jimmy Carter's pronunciation of Italian with a long "i". Mr. Carter has a good vocabulary. Yet the media saw nothing in Carter's speech except its Southernness. I do not myself pronounce "Italian" with a long "i", but this small variance is, after all, only a matter of a long or short vowel. I do not find it one-tenth as funny as Mr. Ford's "forthcoming" son. Yet from the media I heard nothing at all about Ford's misused word, while Carter's long "i" now belongs to the ages.

From the Media Keepers of American Realspeak I have heard

Dixie's Land.
1859
'Walk 'Round.' Composed by Daniel D. Emmett
for Bryant's Minstrels.
Allegro
Song
I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Chorus
Song
Dix-ie land whar I was born in, Early on one frosty mor-nin, Look a-way-look
Chorus
way, a- way Dixie Land, Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo- ray, Hoo-
ray, In Dix-ies Land, we'll took our stand, To lib an die in Dix-ie, a-
way, a- way, a-way down south in Dix-ie, a-way, a-way, away down south in Dix-ie.
Dance

The National Anthem

Thomas Jefferson's home pronounced Montesello. Which is funnier: to give long "i" to the word "Italian" or to pronounce the common Italianized word "cello" as "sello"?

To cite another sad case. When the Oven Fork, Kentucky mining tragedy was headline news, I heard Oven Fork repeatedly pronounced as Oven Fork with a long "o." "Oven" is a common word here in the South, as I thought it was elsewhere. It's where you cook your victuals, which by the way, is a word correctly pronounced "vittles." Am I being picayune in pointing out these mistakes of the TV Word Made Flesh? No, only responding in kind to the barbs thrown at Southern speech in general and Mr. Carter's in particular.

Like Jimmy Carter, Winston Churchill came from a long line of English speakers. He moved in the language like a fish in water, thoroughly at ease in his native habitat. So, Churchill could say "Nazzies" for Nazi and pronounce Cognac "cog nock" without apology. I do not think the Southerner need apologize to anyone for his speech patterns.

In a previous paragraph I referred to the song "Dixie." I bemoan the passing of "Dixie," one of the lightest, brightest, happiest tunes ever written, one of the most stirring airs that ever sparkled a stadium. It was written well before the War by one Daniel Emmett of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and first played in New York. It is no longer played. In a nation where censorship for basest pornography is considered repressive, the tune "Dixie" is repressed. Here are the words considered too incendiary to be played in public gatherings:

I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times there are not forgotten
Look away, etc.
In Dixie Land where I was born in
Early on one frosty morning
Look away, etc.

Intolerable to the Northern ear? Why? I ask myself. The answer drifts to me as sweet as moonlight through the pines: The media told them it was bad.

Yet I, a good ole Southern girl, had to learn and sing at school "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Doesn't anyone recall that Julia Ward Howe wrote the words to the marching tune "John Brown's Body" expressly as a battle cry, nothing else? Don't the belligerent pacifists who sing the song know that she intended it to spur the Northern sol-

diers into "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored," and that this meant (what else could it possibly mean?) for the soldiers to trample out the South? The bleeding purple of the wine vat was the blood of Southern soldiers. What's more (mixing her metaphors) she incites those Yankee soldiers, aided by God himself, to wreak vengeance on the South with the "fierce lightning of His terrible swift sword!"

A more blood thirsty song was never written! First Mrs. Howe crams the Southerners into a wine vat and tramples them to a bloody pulp. Then, reduced to a mushy mess, we are to be hacked through and through with the terrible swift sword of God Himself!

Southerners who survived the war and lived through the Reconstruction period felt that Mrs. Howe's song had achieved its devastating demand.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is now sung, North and South, as the ultimate paean of true American soul. "In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, with a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me; as he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, as we go marching on"—(through Georgia?).

The Southerner, being from the Bible Belt, can't help but know that men cannot be transfigured. The Transfiguration on the Holy Mount happened only to Jesus. The words of Mrs. Howe's song, however, imply that crushing Southerners may have the same beatifying results on anyone game for the sport.

The tune "Dixie," on the other hand, has no warlike implications in its lyrics. None whatever. The words simply express the yearnings of a displaced person who wishes he was back home, a universal theme. My burial instructions include this music as the beat for the slow marching, played in dirge time as the cortege moves towards the family cemetery. It will be necessary for the sound to be muted so as not to cause rioting in the streets at the thought of an Old Southerner being laid to rest in Dixie Land where she was born in (early on one frosty morning).

Are you beginning to see the picture of the Southron's burden ?

Let us press on. Let us cast sentiment aside. Above all, let's forget the past. The black may have his African hairstyle, the Irish may wear green on St. Patrick's Day, and tulip time may be celebrated in Holland (Michigan). But the Southerner who shows pride in this section's dramatic history is quickly urged to "come out from under the magnolias" and be a "true American."

It is the Northern TV station and press which delineate for the rest of the country what the South is like, what our attitudes are, how funny we talk, how backward we are, how brutal to blacks, how far behind the rest of the nation. One wonders why 1) the blacks do not escape, smuggle themselves over the Bible Belt

Jimmy Carter Fluke?

Blockade Curtain to the rarified atmosphere of H. L. Mencken's sweet land of liberty; and 2) why, if the South is as bad as claimed, the North spent four bloody years grappling us to its bosom with hoops of steel. Regardless of how the North feels about the South, there is no escaping the fact that question 2 is flattering to the South.

Does it ever occur to the Northerner, I wonder, to ask how the South feels about the North? Probably not. I will tell you anyway.

To begin with, we must say: we are indeed suspicious of you. Does that surprise you? Why should it when a little more than 100 years ago we were conquered by you, our land laid to waste as a fitting welcome home to the prodigal. We were the Carthage that must be destroyed; we were sown with salt.

Are we still fighting the Civil War as often charged? No. The younger generation scarcely knows there was such a war. Southern children nowadays are as ignorant of history as any other public school children of today.

No, it is not historical memory that makes the South suspicious. We do know in our subconscious mind, however, that you won and we lost. We are taught by the media that it was "for the best," that "we had slaves and were mean to them," and "wasn't it lucky you good people came down here to save us from the brutality of our own natures?"

I, and others of my generation, do not subscribe to this myth but our children are being brainwashed into believing this is how it was.

Recently a nice little girl of my acquaintance told me all about it: "All the good people signing the Declaration of Independence wanted to free the slaves," she said, "but the Southerners were so lazy they would not do any work and would not let the slaves be free because they had to have them wait on them while they sat on the porch."

"Who told you this?" I asked.

"My schoolteacher," she replied.

So much for the fourth grade history lesson for today.

Right or wrong, whether for slavery or states' rights, whether Lincoln freed the slaves as an afterthought and a war measure or whether he was indeed the Great Humanitarian, the South knows one thing for sure: We lost the war. You are winners. Let the whole earth stand in awe of you.

Some of us still subscribe to the old sentiment that it matters not who won or lost but how you played the game. We know the South played gallantly. But our sons and grandsons are having pumped into them on every side a philosophy that says the rules are pragmatic, the object is to win at any price. So we are suspicious of you. We may win at times but only by a fluke as Jimmy Carter won the Presidency—as surprising to the rest of the nation as if he had dropped from Mars. He was not supposed to win, because he belongs by birthright to the majority of the South (black and white). He is a Christian; he is a Southerner: two anachronisms in the modern world. The South is predestined to lose. Ours is the classic Lost Cause and never more lost

than when we became (as we are surely becoming by attrition) assimilated into what the media is pleased to call "the mainstream of American society"—hustling, bustling, merchandising, go-getting, sharp dealing, amalgamated, conglomerated, homogenized, TV-speaking "real Americans."

"By the Rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth..."

Apart from our historic suspicion of you, we shrink from your absolute self-assurance that comes through to us who encounter you in business, shop, or society, as condescension to a lower caste. Even those of you whose ancestors came to this country *after* the Civil War carry this aura of blessedness at being on the winner's side.

A friend of mine who runs a small shop in a Southern tourist town told me that when a Northern tourist enters, she feels dispossessed, as if the tourist owns the shop and she is somehow trespassing. He is so infuriatingly self-satisfied.

The average Southerner would not be surprised at being served beans in Boston or lobster in Maine, but the Southern waitress must put up bravely day after day with the inevitable "Why do you serve grits in the South? Why do you put chickory in the coffee? Haven't you any real coffee?" When a Southerner does not know a Northern custom, he is considered a hick. When a Northern customer is ignorant of a regional custom, he deems the custom amusing, worthy of raucous ridicule.

It must be said here that the Northerner does sometime appear raucous. It is probably his accent, deriving as it often does from Northern European language. It seems to us, harsh. It shrivels our self-assurance; we feel ourselves once more being captured at Fort Donelson and shipped to Fort Warren prison in Boston Harbor, to languish with Mr. Lincoln's civilian prisoners from Baltimore held there without *habeas corpus* for the crime of expressing sympathy for the South.

"What about Andersonville?" a Pennsylvania professor asked me one day out of the blue. I was serving as desk clerk in the motel where he was a guest. South-baiting is an unrestricted sport for the Northern tourist.

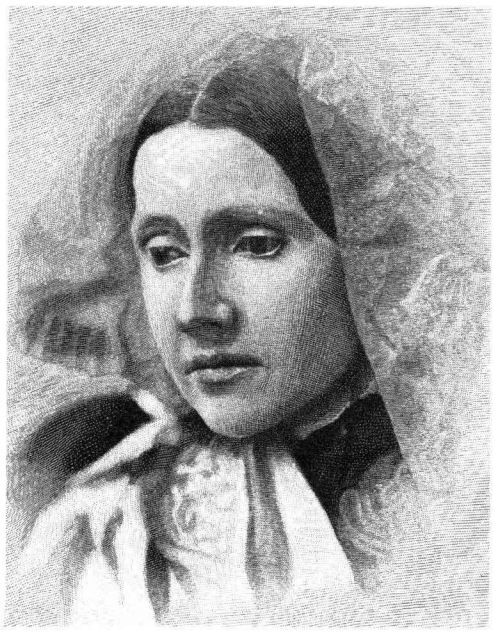
"What about it?" I asked.

"You Southerners have a lot of shrines to your side of the war," he said. "But I notice you don't brag about Andersonville."

"Don't be too hard on Mr. Lincoln," I said.

"Mr. Lincoln," he shouted. Do all Yankees shout? Of course not, it only sounds that way because of the ring of authority.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said. "We petitioned him officially to exchange those dying prisoners, the rate being three of theirs to one of ours. He wouldn't take them. Then we pled to be allowed to send them with escort on boxcars back to Federal lines. Again he refused them. They were sick, starving, no longer useful as soldiers; they would have been an added drain to waging his war. We, on the other hand, were feeding them as well as we could feed ourselves. Rats were being eaten at Vicksburg. Jefferson Davis himself was emaciated. Look at his pictures: skin and bones. I never saw a fat man in my grandfather's generation—the generation after the war. I give you my word."



Julia Ward Howe: Terrible, but not so swift.

The PA prof turned away without batting an eye. I presume he had seen the play about Andersonville and did not believe a word I said.

"Come on, you guys," he said to his wife, two young daughters, and one little boy whom he had previously referred to as "Davud" (the Northern pronunciation of David). "Let's get the show on the road."

That suited me fine.

After he had the guys out on the sidewalk he had a second thought. He turned around and came back inside. He walked up to my desk.

"Question," he stated.

Yankees talk like that. I would have said, "Sir, may I take a little more of your time to ask just one more question if you don't mind?" The Southerner feels that a certain amount of decent clothing softens a naked question.

"Why are you Southerners so defensive?" he asked. That was his question.

I knew my answer was not in his script but I was honor-bound to tell the truth.

"Because you Yankees are so *offensive*," I said.

Once it was said, I regretted having said it. I had violated the Southern code of courtesy. That is the Southron's burden. We must smile and smile while the jokes and jibes roll over us.

To take offense is to add substance to the charge of defensiveness or even paranoia. That most of us live peacefully with this tension is to our everlasting credit. After all, we know in the depths of our Bible Belt being the truth of the old Christian motto: "To whom much is given, much is required." ✪

***Laurie Hibbett writes from Nashville, Tennessee, where she continues to espouse lost causes, including the retention of the 1928* Book of Common Prayer.**

PBS's CIVIL WAR: THE MYTHMANAGEMENT OF HISTORY

By Ludwell Johnson

In the September issue of the American Historical Association's newsletter, a rave review predicted that the PBS production *The Civil War* might become "the *Gone With the Wind* of documentaries." After watching almost all of it, I would suggest *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as its fictional alter ego. But let us not (like *The Civil War*) be unfair. It is probably the best of the various kinds of "Civil War" television extravaganzas to appear so far. As anyone who watched the others will know, this is faint praise. When Boswell asked that arch-conservative, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was worse, Rousseau or Voltaire, Johnson replied "Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

On the plus side, the pictures in Ken Burns' documentary were excellent, as they have always been, whether seen on television or in the old Miller *Photographic History* or in the more recent *Image of War* by William C. Davis. The letters from and to soldiers were interesting and frequently moving. Shelby Foote's comments often struck a note of sane moderation. The background music was well-done if repetitious. There were occasional though ineffectual attempts at impartiality in the narration.

Now for the minus side. In the first place, a program like this is inherently incapable of explaining complex historical events. It can only illustrate the cruelty and suffering of war, the romantic naiveté, the poignancy, pathos, courage, cowardice. But even with the best of intentions untrammeled by prejudice or ideological imperatives, to attempt to explain so much by such means is inevitably to distort. When bias, ideology, and sheer ignorance are loaded onto the inherent limitations, then we have something like *The Civil War,* a caricature often reminiscent of Republican postwar "Bloody Shirt" political propaganda.

To turn to some of the larger deformities, take slavery, both as *the* cause of the war and as an institution. The monocausation theory--slavery as *the* cause --was put forward many years ago by James Ford Rhodes. That view was the received wisdom among the post-war generation, but was powerfully challenged by scholars between the two World Wars.

In the era of the civil rights movement, the importance of slavery was again strongly emphasized by what some have called the neo-abolitionist historians. But even they never completely turned the clock back to Rhodes, as Mr. Ken Burns has tried to with his popular documentary. To pluck one factor out of a complex historical matrix and offer it, clearly but tacitly, as *the* cause of war is the result, one can charitably assume, of sheer ignorance.

As for slavery itself, it is likewise torn from context and held up as a uniquely Southern sin. No mention of those Africans in Africa who for generations sold their brothers into slavery; or of the New Englanders who profited for so many years by buying them in Africa and selling them in America; or of the pervasive anti-black prejudice in the Northern states so ably documented thirty years ago by Leon Litwack.

Purported mortality statistics for slaves are presented without comparison to mortality rates among free blacks or whites. There is no hint of the fact that the growth rate of the country's black population was less for seventy years after emancipation than it was before, no awareness of the latest revisionist studies (by Northern scholars) that contradict the raw-head-and-bloody-bones vision presented by producer Ken Burns and his coadjutors.

The handling of Lincoln and the questions of race and slavery is equally unbalanced. The level of discourse here was suggested by Shelby Foote's interviewer, who persisted in believing that Lincoln was an old-line abolitionist. Foote, who one hopes was embarrassed by a good deal of what went on during the eleven hours of the program, gently demurred, but his questioner bulled ahead anyway. In one of those rare and aberrant bows to ostensible impartiality, it is pointed out that Lincoln initially opposed only the extension of slavery, and that he said in his first inaugural he had no intention of interfering with slavery where it existed (the adjoining clause in which the Great Emancipator says that neither does he have any *inclination* to interfere with it is delicately omitted) and that he issued orders for the return of runaway slaves. (Incidentally, Lincoln flatly refused to issue such an order, but that falls under the heading of Errors of Fact, discussed separately.)

Then after the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation we are treated to an out-of-context quotation from Lincoln's December 1, 1862, message to Congress, including the famous sentence, "we shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth." That comment was made at the end of the second half of his message, which is a plea by Lincoln for congressional approval of a constitutional amendment that would postpone emancipation until the year 1900, compensate slaveowners and provide funds to colonize the ex-slaves somewhere outside the United States.

"I cannot make it better known

"that I strongly favor colonization." And to those Northerners who feared the freed black would "swarm forth and cover the land," he said they wouldn't, and if they tried, "cannot the north decide for itself whether to receive them?" Viewers of *The Civil War* documentary were never told that this is the context of "nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth." It is an excellent example of the editorial policy of the series.

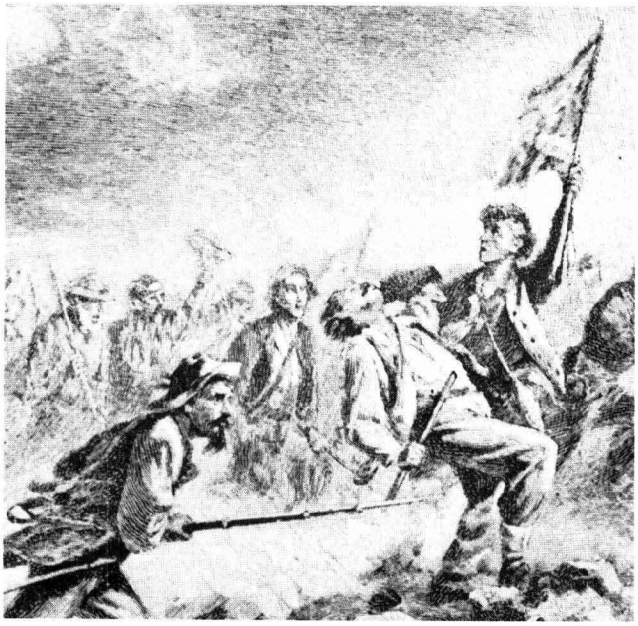
Nor is the audience told that, at the Hampton Roads Conference in February, 1865, when the Confederacy was collapsing, Lincoln sat silently by while his Secretary of State invited the Southern negotiators to bring their states back into the Union and vote down the pending thirteenth Amendment; or that Lincoln, when visiting fallen Richmond, himself made the same offer to Calhoun's old lieutenant, Duff Green.

As for Lincoln and race, the authors of the program are evidently wholly ignorant of the categorical white-supremacist statements Lincoln made repeatedly and publicly during the 1850s, and do not know that in the late summer of 1862 he told a black delegation that but for the presence of their race, white men would not be killing each other, and it would be best for both blacks and whites if blacks left the country.

As another example of distortion by omission, take the attack on Fort Sumter. In the program, the Confederates suddenly fire on the Union fort, no reason being given. Nothing is said about the repeated assurances given Confederate officials by Lincoln's Secretary of State that the fort would soon be evacuated, assurances offered even while plans to hold the fort were being devised. There is no mention of the warnings the Confederate government began to receive about an expedition being secretly prepared, or of the fact that when the order to capture the fort was issued by the Davis administration, they knew that a flotilla of undetermined strength was coming down the coast, perhaps (as some informants had warned) to capture Charleston. No, nothing of that--the rebels just attacked, it is implied, without cause or provocation.

Other subjects are treated with a degree of unfairness that is bound to raise suspicions as to intent. Space does not permit more than a sampling. Take Fort Pillow. All we come away with is the assertion that the Confederates killed black soldiers after they surrendered. Doubtless some were killed, just as black soldiers sometimes killed Confederates after they had surrendered. What is not told is that, according to the laws of war, if a fortified place refused to surrender after being warned that otherwise an assault would take place, the attackers were entitled to kill *all* the defenders. Bedford Forrest's men did not do this, even though there was never any formal surrender of the Fort and in spite of the fact that some black soldiers surrendered and then picked up weapons and shot their captors. Of the 557 men in the garrison (295 white, 262 black) 336 survived. Forrest took 226 prisoners, 168 whites and 58 blacks. That was the "massacre."

As for the Battle of the Crater, we are told that Confederates again shot black soldiers as they attempted to surrender. Doubtless some did. But we are not told that when the black troops were sent into the battle they were also shot by *Union* white soldiers, even as happened in the Battle of the Bulge in the Second World War. And poor old Burnside was entirely responsible for the disaster at the Crater. Did no one tell the script writers that a black division had carefully drilled to lead the assault but was withheld by Grant and Meade at the last moment, and that this was the probable cause of the failure?



Factual

Now for a selection from the long list of specific errors of fact:

The picture of John Brown kissing a black infant held up to him by its mother as he was en route to the gallows. Never happened.

There were not four million slaves in the Confederacy. The 1860 census shows somewhat fewer than that number in the entire country.

Thad Stevens, not Lincoln, said he didn't think Secretary of War Cameron would steal a red-hot stove.

The rifled musket was not an "innovation" of the war. It became the standard infantry weapon in the U. S. Army in the 1850s, thanks to Secretary of War Jefferson Davis.

McClellan did not have "vastly greater" forces at Richmond. The Confederate Army under Lee in the Seven Days was the biggest Southern army ever assembled (about 90, 000 men) while McClellan had only 105,000, thanks to Lincoln, who detached 50,000 troops from McClellan's army just as he embarked on his Peninsula campaign.

A map of Jackson's Valley Campaign had him advancing on Banks from the northwest. He came from the southwest.

"Praying and fighting are the whole duty of man" was not said by Stonewall Jackson. It was an opinion attributed to Jackson by Richard Taylor.

Confederate forces did not move quietly toward Union lines at Shiloh. They made such an unholy racket that Beauregard wanted to call off the attack--even so, Grant was completely taken by surprise (not mentioned in the program).

The North developed an "industrial machine of unparalleled power,"--Britain was the leading industrial nation.

Forrest did not try to cut Sherman's supply lines in 1864 by attacking at Brice's Crossroads in northern Mississippi. This was not remotely near Sherman's rail-lines, which ran from Chattanooga to Louisville via Nashville.

The fighting from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, 1864 was not a "continuous battle."

Grant did not drive in the Confederate "center" at the Wilderness, nor did Lee "destroy" Hooker at Chancellorsville.

Errors

Sherman was superintendent of a military academy at Alexandria, Louisiana, not at Baton Rouge.

The battle between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor* did not make every other navy "obsolete." Both Britain and France had ironclad war vessels before 1861.

The *Virginia* did not wait "off the coast of Virginia" for the *Monitor*. It was stationed at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, a tributary of the James River, which runs into the Chesapeake Bay.

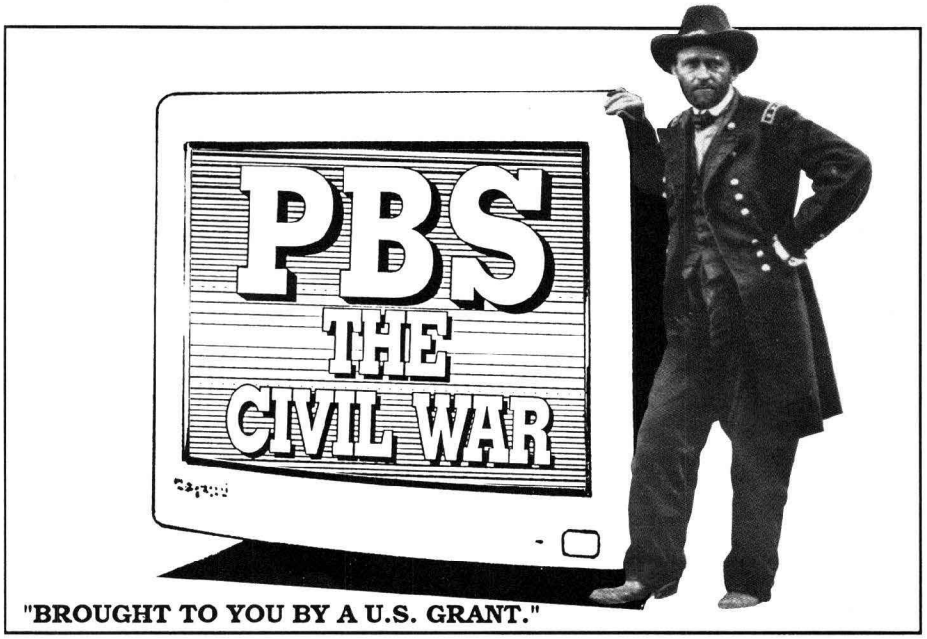
The *Virginia* did not "withdraw" from the fight with the *Monitor*--it could not follow the latter into shallow water.

Fredericksburg was not a Confederate "transportation center."

Bermuda Hundred is not contained "in a loop of the James River."

This is a more or less random sample of such errors. Although individually many may seem to be relatively unimportant, the cumulative effect is to impugn further the historical integrity of the program and to raise questions about the conscientiousness or the competence of those who researched and wrote the script. The same is true of the many mislabeled photographs. A picture purporting to show the *Virginia* in drydock is a picture of the ram *Stonewall* that was bought in Europe and crossed the Atlantic too late to take part in the war; a stretch of the North Anna is represented as the Chickohominy River; a photograph purportedly taken east of Richmond in June shows trees without leaves and a long, low mountain in the background--a topographical feature notably absent from tidewater Virginia; a painting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox shows them sitting at the same table; a battery of artillery in South Carolina is shown to illustrate fighting in Virginia. And so on it went. And on and on...

Did *anybody* knowing *anything* about the war proof the script and the pictures? There are, I believe, probably thousands of buffs who could have saved the producers from many of these egregious blunders. What role did the galaxy of history professionals listed in the credits play in the production? However, these mistakes may serve one useful purpose. They may lead admirers of the film to begin to have doubts concerning the historical integrity of the whole production, the lack of which is accurately reflected by concrete and demonstrable mistakes.



"BROUGHT TO YOU BY A U.S. GRANT."

As bad as these examples are, nothing except perhaps the treatment of slavery approaches the handling of the subject of prisoners of war. We are transported back to the days of the "Bloody Shirt." The horrors of Andersonville are depicted, and horrors there were, and the living skeletons (emaciated by dysentery, which killed more men than bullets) that were a staple item in Republican atrocity propaganda are again put on display. The viewers are not informed of conditions in Northern camps, where a deliberate policy of deprivation was instituted or of the mortality rate in those camps, which, despite the vastly superior resources available to the Lincoln administration, was nearly as high as in the Confederacy. After all, what more can one expect of a producer (Ken Burns) who characterizes Lee as a "traitor?"

A similar onesidedness can be found in the presentation of Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas. Destruction of property and robbery, including robbery of the slaves, are conceded: how could they not be? But there is nothing about the disgusting desecration of churches, digging up the dead to rob the bodies, nothing of the murder and torture of civilians, of gang rapes, or of the mass rape of black women. No, mainly just the destruction of property to show the Southerners the war was lost and thus save lives --that's all "Old Cump" and his boys were up to.

As for poor George B. McClellan, who certainly had his faults, he is made to look bad in so that Lincoln can be made to look good. Just think what that poor man had to put up with! The savaging of McClellan has been *de riguer* among the faithful, especially since Nicolay and Hay deliberately set out to destroy McClellan's reputation in their massive biography of Lincoln. One point will have to suffice: in the winter of 1861-1862, McClellan (I think this is nearly a direct quotation from the documentary) "took to his tent with a fever rather than move his army." It was a fever, all right, typhoid fever, said his doctors, and he was in his bed for three weeks.

When all the teachers who have been burning up their VCRs taping *The Civil War* show it to their classes, one can only hope that they will linger over a vignette toward the end, one of the Gettysburg reunion of 1913. It showed those old Confederates retracing their steps up the slopes of Cemetery Ridge, held again by a handful of their old adversaries. But before the old Rebs could totter to the crest, they were met by the old Yanks who rushed down to embrace them. No doubt, to the makers of the film this was just a pleasing touch of sentimentality; but to those who know something of the war, it has far more significance.

During the conflict, soldiers from generals to privates blamed the war on the politicians, and many was the time when Rebs and Yanks, meeting along the picket line, would say: "if they would just leave it to us, we could settle it all quickly and peaceably." Then as now the common soldiers were sent by others to suffer and to die, and the survivors soon began to wonder how the quarrel got started and whether it could possibly be worth the agony they saw all around them. But by that time it is too late to stop. The result is tragedy. And the tragedy is compounded by people like Ken Burns and his collaborators. Too bad they could not have been as just to the Confederate soldiers and their Cause as the old Union veterans at Gettysburg in 1913. ✪

Ludwell Johnson is a professor of History at the College of William and Mary.

SHORT STORIES & TALL TALES

FORMER SLAVE SPEAKS

While Southern slaves generally yearned for freedom, their desire for liberty did not necessarily eliminate respect and, in many cases, genuine affection for their owners. In 1937, when ninety-year-old Sarah Debro, once a young house servant on a large plantation in central North Carolina, reminisced about her life to WPA interviewer Travis Jordan, she candidly expressed an undiminished affection that transcended both time and bondage. Her account:

I was bawn in Orange County way back sometime in de fifties. Mis' Polly White Cain an' Marse Doctor Cain was my white folks. Marse Cain's plantation joined Mister Paul Cannon's land. Marse Cain owned so many niggers dat he didn' know his own slaves when he met dem in de road. Sometimes he would stop dem an' say: "Whose nigger am you?" Dey'd say, "We's Marse Cain's niggers." Den he would say, "I'se Marse Cain," and drive on.

Marse Cain was good to his niggers. He didn' whip dem like some owners did, but if dey done mean he sole dem. Dey knew dis so dey minded him. One day Gran'pappy sassed Mis' Polly White an' she told him dat if he didn' behave hesself dat she would put him in her pocket. Gran'pappy wuz er big man an' I ax him how Mis' Polly could do dat. He said she meant dat she would sell him den put de money in her pocket. He never did sass Mis' Polly no more.

I was kept at de big house to wait on Mis' Polly, to tote her basket of keys an' such as dat. Whenever she seed a chile down in de quarters dat she wanted to raise by hand, she took dem up to de big house an' trained dem. I wuz to be a house maid. De day she took me my mammy cried kaze she knew I would never be 'lowed to live at de cabin wid her no more. Mis' Polly was big an' fat an' she made us niggers mind an' we had to keep clean. My dresses an' aprons was starched stiff. I had a clean apron every day. We had white sheets on de beds an' we niggers had plenty to eat too, even ham. When Mis' Polly went to ride she took me in de carriage wid her. De driver set way up high an' Mis' Polly set way down low. Dey was two hosses with shiney harness. I toted Mis' Polly's bags an' bundles, an' if she dropped her hank'chief I picked it up. I loved Mis' Polly an' loved stayin' at de big house.

I was 'bout wais' high when de sojers mustered. I went wid Mis' Polly down to de musterin' fiel' whare dey was marchin'. I can see dey feets now when dey flung dem up an' down, sayin', "hep, hep." When dey was all ready to go an' fight, de women folks fixed a big dinner. Aunt Charity an' Pete cooked two or three days for Mis' Polly. De table was piled wid chicken, ham, shoat, barbecue, young ham, an' all sorts of pies, cakes an' things, but nobody eat nothin much. Mis' Polly an' de ladies got to cryin'. De vittles got cold. I was so sad dat I got over in de corner an' cried too. De men folks all had on dey new sojer clothes, an' dey didn't eat nothin neither. Young Marse Jim went up an' put his arm 'roun' Mis' Polly, his mammy, but dat made her cry harder. Marse Jim was a cavalry. He rode a big hoss, an' my Uncle Dave went wid him to de fiel' as his body guard. He had a hoss too so if Marse Jim's hoss got shot dare would be another one for him to ride. Mis' Polly had another son but he was too drunk to hold a gun. He stayed drunk.

De first cannon I heard skeered me near 'bout to death. We would hear dem goin' boom, boom. I thought it was thunder, Mis' Polly say, "Lissen, Sarah, hear dem cannons? Dey's killin' our mens." Den she 'gun to cry. I run in de kitchen whare Aunt Charity was cookin' an' tole her Mis' Polly was cryin. She said: "She ain't cryin' kaze de Yankees killin' de mens; she's doin' all dat cryin' kaze she skeered we's goin' to be sot free." Den I got mad an' tole her Mis' Polly wuzn' like dat.

I 'members de first time de Yankees come. Dey come gallupin' down de road, jumpin' over de palin's, tromplin' down de rose bushes an' messin' up de flower beds. Dey stomped all over de house, in de kitchen, pantries, smokehouse, an' everywhare, but dey didn' find much, kaze near 'bout everything done been hid. I was settin' on de steps when a big Yankee come up. He had on a cap an' his eyes was mean.

"Whare did dey hide duh gold an' silver, nigger?" he yelled at me. I was so skeered my hands was ashy, but I tole him I didn't know nothin' 'bout nothin'; dat if anybody done hid things dey hid it while I was asleep.

"Go ax dat ole white-headed devil," he said to me. I got mad den kaze he was tawkin' 'bout Mis' Polly, so I didn' say nothin'. I jus' set. Den he pushed me off de step an' say if I didn' dance he gwine shoot my toes off. Skeered as I was, I sho done some shufflin'. Den he give me five dollars an' told me to go buy jim cracks, but dat piece of paper won't no good. 'Twuzn nothin' but a shin plaster like all dat war money, you couldn' spend it.

Dat Yankee kept callin' Mis' Polly a white-headed devil an' said she done ram-shacked 'til dey wuzn' nothin' left, but he made his mens tote off meat, flour, pigs, an' chickens. After dat Mis' Polly got mighty stingy wid de vittles an' we didn' have no more ham.

When de war was over de Yankees was all 'roun' de place tellin' de niggers what to do. Dey tole dem dey was free, dat dey didn' have to slave for de white folks no more. My folks all left Marse Cain an' went to live in houses dat de Yankees built. Dey wuz like poor white folks' houses, little shacks made out of sticks an' mud wid stick an' mud chimneys. Dey wuzn' like Marse Cain's cabins, planked up and warm, dey was full of cracks, an' dey wuzn' no lamps an' oil. All de light come from de lightwood knots burnin' in de fireplace.

One day my mammy come to de big house after me. I didn' want to go, I wanted to stay wid Mis' Polly. I 'gun to cry an' Mammy caught hold of me. I grabbed Mis' Polly an' held so tight dat I tore her skirt bindin' loose an' her skirt fell down 'bout her feets.

"Let her stay wid me," Mis' Polly said to Mammy. But Mammy shook her head. "You took her away from me an' didn' pay no mind to my cryin', so now I'se takin' her back home. We's free now, Mis' Polly, we ain't gwine be slaves no more to nobody." She dragged me away. I can see how Mis' Polly looked now. She didn' say nothin' but she looked hard at Mammy an' her face was white.

Mammy took me to de stick an' mud house de Yankees done give her. It was

smokey an' dark kaze dey wuzn' no windows. We didn't have no sheets an' no towels, so when I cried an' said I didn' want to live in no Yankee house, Mammy beat me an' made me go to bed. I laid on de straw tick lookin' up through de cracks in de roof. I could see de stars, an' de sky shinin' through de cracks and it looked like long blue splinters stretched 'cross de rafters. I lay dare an' cried kaze I wanted to go back to Mis' Polly.

I wuz never hungry til we wuz free an' de Yankees fed us. We didn' have nothin' to eat 'cept hardtack an' middlin' meat. I never saw such meat. It was thin an' tough wid a thick skin. You could boil it all day an' all night an' it wouldn't cook done. I wouldn't eat it. I thought 'twuz mule meat; mules dat done been shot on da battlefield den dried. I still believe 'twuz mule meat....

Dem was bad days. I'd ruther been a slave den to been hired out like I wuz, kaze I wuzn' no fiel' han', I wuz a han' maid, trained to wait on de ladies. Den too, I wuz hungry most of de time an' had to keep fightin' off dem Yankee mens. Dem Yankees was mean folks.

I looks back now an' thinks. I ain't never forgot dem slavery days, an' I ain't never forgot Mis' Polly....

"I WAS IN BED WITH A DEAD MAN"

Furloughs were sometimes granted to wounded soldiers so they could recuperate at home. In 1864, Confederate E. I. Killie, a nineteen-year-old Texas cavalryman in the Army of Tennessee, was furloughed to escort a wounded comrade back home to Georgia. After a leisurely visit with his friend's family, Killie left for the front, traveling with another soldier and relying on the hospitality of fellow Southerners. Stopping at one Georgia farmhouse, where a funeral wake was in progress, the young Confederate unintentionally provided some exciting after-dinner entertainment.

As dark approached we saw a large two-story house some distance back from the road and concluded to try our luck in getting to spend the night there. We rode up to the gate, and soon a gentleman came out, to whom we explained our plight. When he found out that we were going to the army, he invited us to get down, saying that he would gladly take care of us and adding: "Come right in. I'll have your horses cared for."

He took us through the house and out into the dining room, which was detached from the house. Seating us at a table full of good old Georgia victuals, he called a Negro woman and told her to wait on us, excusing himself to go see about our horses. He soon came back and conversed with us about the war and its outcome until we were through eating. "I will show you where to sleep, young man," he said to me, designating a room.

On arriving at the top of the stairs I saw a door open and a candle burning on a table in the corner. A Confederate candle was a poor affair for giving light. However, I supposed that the room was intended for me. The bed was in the far corner, and I went over to it and saw there was someone in it; but, it not being uncommon to put two soldiers in a bed, I thought nothing about it and, taking off my jacket and pants and shoes, blew out the candle and rolled in. In getting into the bed I rolled against the other fellow on purpose, thinking I would wake him and let him know I was there also. He didn't move, however, and I turned over and went to sleep.

How long I had been asleep, I have no idea; it might have been but a few minutes or an hour; but I woke up suddenly, hearing voices in the room. Someone said: "Why, who put out the candle?" The candle was relit and a man and a woman took seats at the table, the woman facing me. I could not go to sleep, and kept watching them as well as I could from my position and wished they would get out. Finally the lady said in rather an indignant voice: "You ought to be ashamed to be talking about love in the presence of the dead."

In less time than I can tell it I realized that my bedfellow was dead; that I had got into the wrong room. I knew I was in bed with a dead man, and I didn't intend to stay. Without thinking anything about the consequences, I sat up and looked toward them.

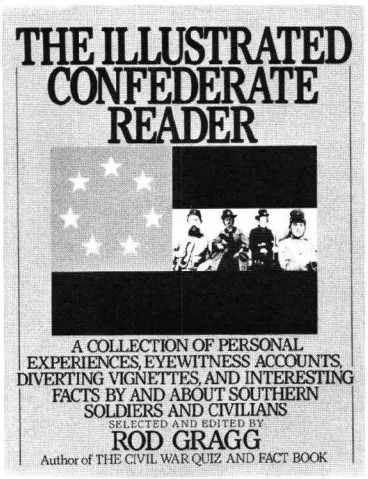
The lady saw me first, and with a scream that, it seemed, would take the roof off the house, she jumped clean out of the room. The man looked toward the bed and with a yell and a leap he kicked over the table, and those two people got down those stairs in a hurry. I got out and, gathering up my duds, scampered across the hall into another room (the one intended for me I guess) and, fastening the door, rolled into bed.

The commotion that was going on downstairs soon had everybody, Negroes and all, aroused. I could hear the women call for camphor and all manner of restoratives, and the men were running about to beat the band. It took some time to find out what was the cause of all the trouble; but finally I heard them coming up the stairs.

I played off so sleepy that I couldn't understand that a dead man had come to life in the room opposite. They were all apparently afraid to go in, until [one man] said, "Give me the candle. If he's not dead he needs attention," and in he went. He went up to the bed and found the sheet turned down as I had left it, and said: "Why, the man is dead. The wind just blew the sheet off."

"No, sir, that man rose and was sitting up looking at me," exclaimed the man who was in the room when I got up. He doubtless thought so. There was no sleep for me the balance of that night, and as soon as the chickens began crowing for the day, we went and saddled up. ✪

"I was in Bed with a Dead Man," and "Former Slave Speaks" are reprinted from* Southern Partisan *contributing editor Rod Gragg's book,* The Illustrated Confederate Reader, *which has recently been released in paperback.* The Illustrated Confederate Reader *is published by Harper and Row, and is available from your local bookstore.


THE ILLUSTRATED CONFEDERATE READER
A COLLECTION OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS, DIVERTING VIGNETTES, AND INTERESTING FACTS BY AND ABOUT SOUTHERN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS
SELECTED AND EDITED BY
ROD GRAGG
Author of THE CIVIL WAR QUIZ AND FACT BOOK

Singin' Billy

by Donald Davidson

A few copies remain of **Singin' Billy**, the lost masterpiece by Southern scholar Donald Davidson which was rediscovered and published by the Foundation for American Education.

Singin' Billy is a folk play which was once set to music by composer Charles Bryan and performed in Nashville. It depicts Southern mountain life in the early 1800s, when the historical figure William Walker was traveling through the region, teaching a new way of singing that still survives in rural communities today. In Davidson's highly original script, Walker encounters opposition among the hard-drinking, hard-fighting mountain men and finally fights them with an extraordinary weapon they hardly know how to combat. The ensuing conflict is a profound parable of the way the American frontier was civilized and defines anew the values that have always undergirded the South.

The first edition, with introductions by T. D. Young and Herschel Gower, is limited to 1,000 copies and can be obtained by a gift of $25 or more to the Foundation for American Education, which in the past has engaged in such educational projects as the full funding of the *Southern Partisan*. All gifts to the Foundation are deductible to the full extent of the law. Checks should be made out to THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. The address is Post Office Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Singin' Billy Still Available

CRITICUS ESSAY

Chosen

By Robert Drake

I was lucky. Somehow I always knew what I wanted to do for a living. I wanted to teach--teach English, teach in a college. And of course I knew what that involved--graduate work, a Ph.D. degree, research, and all the rest. And this was before I even got out of high school. Maybe it was the indirect result of having had some fine English teachers along the way--in the seventh and eighth grades, I think, and of course my junior and senior English teacher in high school--Mrs. Hardy, who, I suppose, as much as any one person gave me the final prod to send me on my way. Other great teachers came in due course -- Donald Davidson at Vanderbilt, Frederick Pottle and Cleanth Brooks at Yale, Austin Warren at Michigan (a senior colleague after I began teaching but always for me a *master*). But Mrs. Hardy and her predecessors in my early years in the public schools of Ripley, Tennessee, started it all.

And many of them could have been the Kaiser of Germany too! But they weren't bullies or brutes; they merely believed in their work, were proud of their ability, and had no doubt that they had been called, chosen to teach--a real sense of vocation. And I suppose some of this rubbed off on me. Perhaps there's something of the master in all teachers, perhaps something of the ham actor; but somehow, somewhere you simply must believe in what you do, be committed to it or, I think, you couldn't stand it five minutes. It's too demanding a profession, the rewards not immediately tangible either. And it would all drive you crazy if you didn't love it. Furthermore, it requires enormous patience and certainly a very real sense of humor: it's not for the faint-hearted.

But what is it that you actually do? Well, basically, I think you *communicate*, you reach out, across immeasurable distances, and somehow, even like the telephone company, touch someone else. You build bridges, you take up the slack, you bring people and things (however remote in the past or the present) together. Finally, you *connect*. And I often think of Robert Frost's "Desert Places," where the poet asserts that the "empty spaces/ Between stars" are as nothing compared to the "desert places" within the human heart. It was something like this that I thought of on that unhappy day of the Challenger disaster, when it was announced that Christa McAuliffe, the teacher aboard the ill-fated space shuttle, had planned to teach a lesson from outer space--beamed back to students here on earth. Because, you see, that's what every teacher in the world is trying to do--teach a lesson from outer space, whose distances are enormous and whose gaps are seemingly unbridgeable. And yet we persevere: we are determined to communicate, to connect, to teach. And our assumption is always the same: people can learn, people can change--and for the better too. But they must want to of course: students always have the last word. If they don't want to learn, no earthly power can make them. Teachers do everything they can to provide motivation, incentives, whatever it takes: they would stand on their heads if it would help. But always it's the student who's boss, who's in the driver's seat. Again, though, part of the job of motivating him is a problem in communication: you try everything you know of to reach him, to touch him. The discipline you're trying to teach, be it history, mathematics, languages, whatever, somehow takes a back seat to that, perhaps is even immaterial in some ways.

And why do you do it? Because somehow you believe that, in the words of one of Robert Penn Warren's characters, the world really is all of one piece, that it's like an "enormous spider web," which, when only one filament is touched, vibrates throughout, and finally, despite much that one hears to the contrary, the world really does make sense. Of course it would be much easier, in some ways, if it didn't. We wouldn't have to worry about such matters as cause and effect, responsibility, accountability, and all the rest. But perhaps those are the fleas that come with the dog; perhaps they're all part of being human. And your reward, one of the greatest there is, I think, is ultimately your conviction that you have partially bridged the gap between these vast distances that surround us all, outside and in, helped to make apparent those necessary connections that are implicit in the enormous spider web. And it's all summed up finally when one of your students says, "Yes, I understand now; yes, I see." Or even, like the tenth leper, he comes back to thank you, sometimes years later.

In some ways it *is* a royal priesthood we have; in some ways we *are* chosen for the work we do. I've never doubted that, any more than I've ever doubted my luck in being able to earn my living doing something I love to do. And perhaps that's just as well when you consider the low esteem in which our profession has sometimes been held. No, we don't make much money; yes, we have sometimes been miserably underpaid, particularly when you consider the investment we've put into our own educations. Sometimes we don't even get much respect. We all know the old wisecrack that those who can do but those who can't teach. And where university budgets are concerned, there are sometimes millions for manure but not one cent for literature, with libraries often running a poor second to sports facilities. These are old stories. But over the years I've developed what I think is an effective rejoinder to most efforts to put us down or, at the least, to put us in our places, certainly when they come in the course of social encounters. "That's all very well," I say. "But just remember one thing: we are the people that are putting ideas in your children's heads. And you'd better look to it." For a moment there's usually dead silence, but as a rule nobody ever talks back to me after that. ✪

Robert Drake is Professor of English at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville. The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary edition of his first book, *Amazing Grace*, has recently been released by Mercer University Press.

CRITICUS ON TOUR

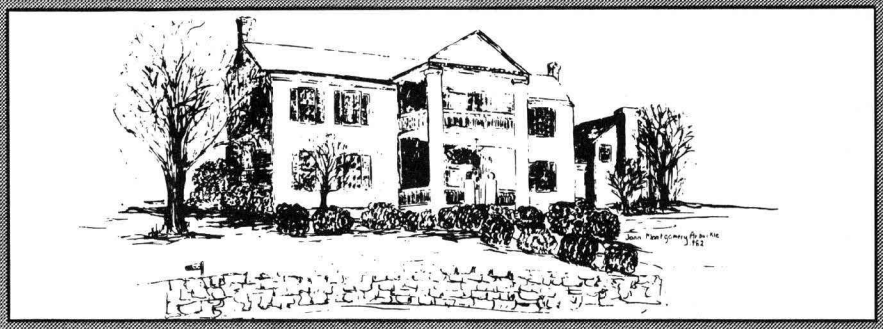
Lewisburg, Western Virginia

by Charles Scott Hamel

West Virginia has been called, among other things, the "Switzerland of America" because of its mountainous topography. Of course, it is that but much more. For students of Southern history from the Colonial period through the War, seeking out different and unusual aspects of their heritage, West Virginia has much to offer. After all, West Virginia was a part of Virginia until 1863 and became West Virginia by highly dubious methods. But that's another story.

We're going to take a close look at one county, Greenbrier County, formed in 1778, in the Southern part of the state and a brief glance at a site in its neighboring county to the South, Monroe County.

Lewisburg, West Virginia, located at the juncture of U.S. routes 60 and 219, the county seat of Greenbrier, was founded in 1782 and named after General Andrew Lewis, the hero of the Battle of Point Pleasant, fought against Shawnee Indians in 1774. Many claim that this engagement, not Lexington and Concord, was the first battle of the American Revolution.



General Robert E. Lee was entertained at the JAMES WITHROW HOUSE (above) during a stay at the WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS HOTEL, now a private residence (below). Withrow was a Confederate officer and hid from a Federal search party for several days in a secret room in the attic. He ordered the silverware buried under the portico steps.

Chisled on one of the facades of The OLD STONE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (above right) is this inscription: "This building was erected in the year 1796 at the expence of a few of the first inhabitants of this land to commemorate their affection & esteem for the holy gospel of Jesus Christ. Reader, if you are inclined to applaud their virtues, give God the glory."

From ORGAN CAVE (below right) hoppers made from local woods transported saltpetre, the key ingredient for gunpowder, for use by General Lee's army.

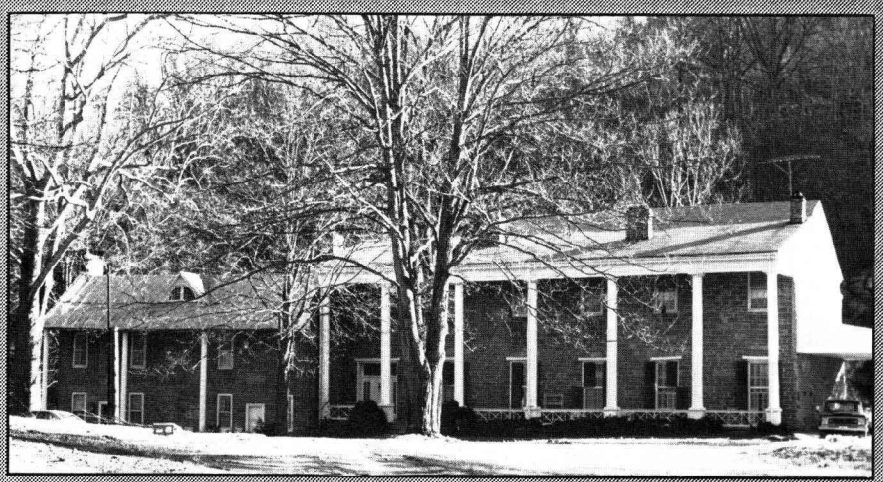
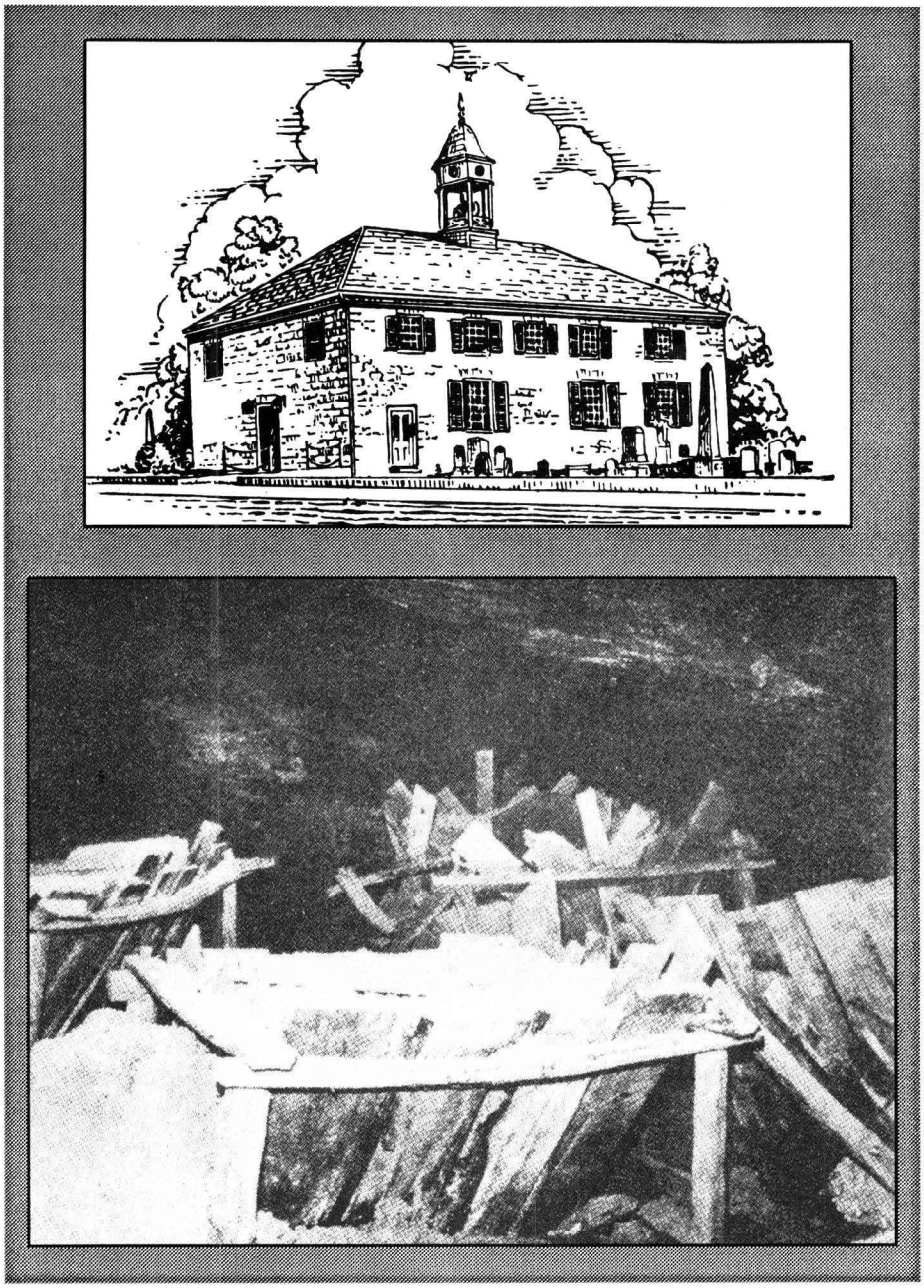


Photo by Karen Mitchell

The town has on its numerous tree-lined streets many old houses with markers indicating date of construction from the late Colonial and early Federal periods. Many of these houses are on the National Registry of Historic Places, as is the Old Stone Presbyterian Church (1796), the oldest church west of the Allegheny Mountains still in continuous use. And if you really want to savor the charm of this town, you might want to think about staying at the General Lewis Inn, a country inn built as a private home in 1834. The lobby has a fine collection of antiques as well as several portraits of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee.

War Between the States aficionados will want to visit the Confederate Cemetery at the west end of town where 95 unknown Confederate soldiers killed at the Battle of Lewisburg on May 23, 1862 lie buried in a large cross-shaped common grave. This battle was the first major engagement for the commanding officers on both sides, Confeder-



ate General Henry Heth and Union General George Crook. Crook won this engagement; nevertheless Lewisburg remained pro-Confederate for most of the War's duration. (There was a re-enactment of this battle on May 18-20, 1990.)

An even more interesting sight for War buffs is Organ Cave, which is about 10 miles southeast of Lewisburg. The cave takes it name from a limestone formation which resembles a cathedral organ. The place was visited by Thomas Jefferson in 1791 but the main attraction are the 37 salt petre hoppers used by Lee's forces to make ammunition for the Confederate Army. The cave also functioned during this period as a retreat for religious services.

This entire area has a large number of sulphur springs around which resort hotels were built during the last century where people went to vacation and "take the waters." Except for White Sulphur Springs a few miles east of Lewisburg and its posh Greenbrier Hotel, these watering hole resorts have gone the way of the Dodo.

However, a number of hotel buildings from these resorts of the last century survive. One such building is found at Salt Sulphur Springs about 20 miles south of Lewisburg on U.S. route 219 in Monroe County. Now only a wide place in the road, it was in its hey day a well-known spa. The historical marker informs us that the large attractive stone building, now a private home, dating from the 1830s, was the hotel and was visited by such luminaries as John C. Calhoun and Martin Van Buren (with his South Carolina wife). "Old Skinhead," as Van Buren was sarcastically nick-named by the electorate, was as we all know the last sitting Vice-President to be elected President before Mr. "Read-my-lips-no-more-broccholi-in-the White-House" George Bush bounced on the scene.

As Southern Partisans can see for themselves, there is much of interest in just this small area of what unreconstructed types who read this magazine call Western Virginia. ✪

Charles Scott Hamel is the publisher of the Southern Partisan.

CRITICUS BOOKS

Anchored In The South

By David A. Bovenizer

A review of :
Carolina Cavalier: The Life and Mind of James Johnston Pettigrew
By Clyde N. Wilson
(University of Georgia, 1990, 303 pages, $35.00)
(ISBN 0-8203-1201-0)

It is impossible to gauge the disastrous consequences that can be attributed to the fateful combination of Northern victory and Southern defeat in the war of 1861. The destruction of the states as sovereignties, for example, today renders rootless many millions of Americans bereft of attachment to a particular place both burdened and blessed with a palpable memory of the mysterious mixture of triumphs and tragedies which characterize authentic living. With states dissolved into the amorphousness of "America," their boundaries mere marks along a highway, vast numbers of people acquire no sense of a specific geographical region as the proper given sphere in which to encounter the intractable and inscrutable realities of human life and history. Our forebears deemed their state their country; within their state they were to discover their very being within the context of generations of inherited wisdom, to nurture their families, partake of a community of shared experiences, exercise their talents, and undertake the individual but never solitary pilgrimage through time unto eternity. How many governmental agencies have been formed, how many vaunted "social programs" have been conceived, in the largely-vain attempt to compensate for this loss?

Though the integrity of states, and more importantly the integrity of a Southern civilization comprised of a confederacy of states, was at stake in 1861--and was lost in 1865--most Americans still mistakenly believe that the war was "about" slavery. But slavery was remarkably incidental to the larger collision of distinctive and ever-more-diverging cultures and their division over the intricate relationship of society to government, and of government to the very purpose of life. The more immediate source of the war was this: an urbanizing, industrial North, characterized by an ever-more-intolerant ideological puritanism, determined first to conquer, then to annex, a rural, agrarian South characterized by a cavalier (the term used to be positive, not negative, in connotation) pursuit of the happiness which had very little to do with things. The political debates between the sections, and ultimately their armed conflict, crystallized a complex of issues--slavery but one among the many--which reduced in the last analysis to the very meaning of life. That meaning, the North generally came to insist, has to do with the forcefully-equalized individual in the mass, with the production and consumption of material goods in the economy, and with politics--an all-encompassing government--as the necessary means to these ends. To the contrary, held most Southerners, the meaning of life has to do with the individual in community--not the cosmopolitan city; with accommodation of economics to the rhythms of nature (hence one major study, *The Lazy South*), and with society--vibrant, variegated, and everything but egalitarian in its essence--as the appropriate mediation of richly, even wildly, varied human gifts and aspirations. Thus, for example, the Northern preoccupation with "What do you do for a living?" Thus, by contrast, the Southern query, "Where are you from?" Thus, too, Richard Weaver's insistence that the South was, for all of its imperfections, and for black as well as white, "the last non-materialist civilization in the Western world."

Weaver's observation possesses increasing if ironic importance for blacks. For it can be argued, persuasively, that the greatest loss of all the losses incurred by Americans in the South's defeat has been experienced by blacks. Bound to an ideological interpretation which reduces their Southern heritage to slavery, but which ignores nearly three centuries of intimate agrarian communion of the races, and mindful only of the post-war phenomenon of a state-sanctioned segregation all but required of the South after Reconstruction, millions of blacks have been robbed of their, well, *Southernness.* (Recent reports that many blacks who once went North are heading home suggest that the theft has at last been noticed.) Blacks have largely been robbed, too, of their once wide-spread commitment to republican principles of governance, though disenchantment with paternalistic welfare-state programs is being voiced (at last) by a growing band of bright and brave black leaders.

What has all this to do with the first major biography of Confederate General James Johnston Pettigrew? Just this: Pettigrew's life--of which his Confederate service was but the

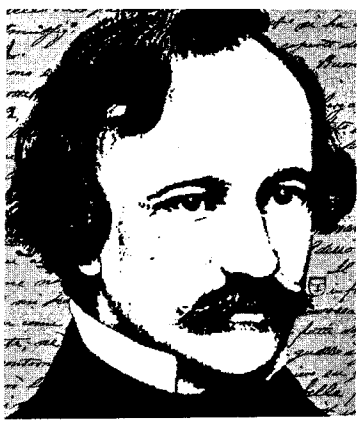
final chapter--illumines the civilizational qualities of the South (and, by contrast, the North), and so presents, in the form of a human personality, the issues of the war more fully than that of any other combatant on either side. This is because Pettigrew was perhaps the noblest embodiment of the society that went to war rather than submit to another civilization--actually an anti-civilization--that he believed "reduces men to machines, sacrifices half that is stalwart and individual in humanity to the false glitter of centralization," and which had forsaken the fine art of living for "the luxurious enjoyments of a manufacturing, money age." Here, in the declaration of a passionately-held conviction, is the *cultural* aspect of the war that is conspicuous by its absence in most histories of the era. More to the point, Pettigrew's statement presents the human personality in full form wholly apart from the experience of war as it is rarely disclosed in biographies of military commanders of either section, and especially, it must be proposed, of the victorious North.

Clyde Wilson, professor of History in the University of South Carolina, obviously understood the extraordinary richness of Pettigrew's personality, his significance as a representative of Southern civilization, and his pertinence to our cultural waywardness today, when he undertook this work nearly three decades ago. Thus the aptness of his subtitle, for Wilson has in fact presented in its completeness the "life and mind" of a man who was broader and deeper in being than even the venerable title "Confederate General" indicates of other men, Virginia's Robert E. Lee notwithstanding.

Though Wilson concedes that Pettigrew was not "a first rank historical figure in any sphere," he admirably demonstrates his subject to have been "a significant second rank player in multiple aspects of the life of the Old South." The distinction will be disputed by many readers. For Pettigrew, as he is made known in this masterful narrative--the best biography of a figure of the war to have been written in memory--is a model man; the scope of his mind, the integrity of his character, the poignancy of his spiritual pilgrimage, the variety of his talents, and the range of his services (as planter, author, legislator, soldier) were perhaps unrivalled in his time.

Carolina Cavalier

THE LIFE AND MIND OF JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW



BY CLYDE N. WILSON

"Buffs" of the war, especially those interested primarily in tactics and battles, will find much of what they most seek in Wilson's work. It was of Pettigrew, after all, that Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman wrote: "For none who fought so briefly in the Army of Northern Virginia was there more praise while living or more laments when dead." But buffs will find much, too, that will enrich their sometimes limited grasp of the respective characters of the contending civilizations, one belligerent in blue, the other graced in gray. Indeed, no study of a commanding general of either side better conveys the personal, social, cultural, and religious qualities of its subject; of no Confederate general is there in this regard a superior one-volume study.

A North Carolinian, born in 1828, Pettigrew grew to manhood amid the flowering of a civilization that traced its roots less to England than to the Italy of the Renaissance and further to the very foundations of Greece, Rome, and, of course, Jerusalem. It was, as Raimondo Luraghi has shown, in *The Rise and Fall of the Plantation South,* a *seigneurial* civilization; the term is French and has to do with a type of personality and a kind of class. As Luraghi defines it, "the key to understanding" the South is in the nature of the men and women whose lives defined its character: "What gave human life its taste and its meaning were the cultural, literary, even scientific pursuits, entertaining lavishly, cultivating friendships." An agrarian "immobilism" was thus the South's central characteristic--in contrast to the industrial dynamism of the North. While merchants scurried about in Boston or New York, their industries driven by men who deemed themselves enslaved to the wage, Southerners of every class (yes, it was a hierarchical, though manifestly not an aristocratic, society) and every hue were "characterized more by the desire...to enjoy life--through the appreciation of a well-cooked fish, a good cigar, fine guitar music, and kindness and tolerance to others--than by the pursuit of material gains or highly intellectual conquests that might prove detrimental to a slow and pleasant rhythm of existence."

And Luraghi adds: "The basic difference between the Renaissance (and South-founding)

gentleman Sir Walter Raleigh and the (Northeastern) Calvinist Puritan...is by far more important for understanding the differences between seigneurial and capitalist civilization than the question of slavery or no slavery." Readers who wonder why the South waged war against Lincoln, Stanton, Stevens, Sumner, Sherman, and Emerson need look no farther than the life of James Johnston Pettigrew.

Though devoted to his father, an Eastern Carolina planter, Pettigrew knew when young that the life of the mind, and ultimately of the spirit, would carry him beyond the boundaries of Bonarva Plantation. Thus is his academic record at the University of North Carolina legendary to this day. Subsequently he worked, with "Pathfinder of the Seas" Matthew Fontaine Maury, at the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C. He returned to the South, and settled in Charleston, tentatively to study law with his famous relative, James Louis Petigru (who had adopted the more obviously French spelling of his name, for reasons clear to Charlestonians). But pilgrimage continued to beckon, and earning a law degree from the University of Berlin was but a minor purpose in Pettigrew's venturing to Europe. For it was to travel--to *live*--in southern France, rural Italy, the breadth of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and, finally and especially, Spain--how he came to love Spain!--that Pettigrew ventured abroad, his nearly three years of journeying made possible by an admiring elder friend and the man for whom he was named.

Like many Southerners who leave home today, Pettigrew went in search of the South. He found it, too--in Spain. "Death on the battlefield is doubtless very pleasant," Pettigrew wrote in his journal, "but next to that is certainly life in Andalusia." That Flannery O'Connor's Georgia home was named Andalusia indicates to readers today the rich similarity that Pettigrew a century before discerned between Spain and the South.

Of course he came home, to Charleston, practiced law for seven years with J. L. Petrigu, and served a term in the South Carolina General Assembly--for which he wrote a brilliant essay on the South, slavery, and against the slave trade. All the while he read, wrote, remained a bachelor, if an immensely eligible one (Pettigrew's journal writings on women--especially the women of rural Spain--are masterpieces of the authentically romantic imagination), and sought deeper founts of intellectual and spiritual being. He sought, too, grander arenas for the exercise of virtue. This latter quest took him back to Europe in 1859 when he tried, unsuccessfully and also because he was too late, to enlist in the Sardinian army during the Franco-Austrian War. He was no mere adventurer; rather, he was, in Luraghi's sense, a seigneur--what we more familiarly call a cavalier; he wished, Wilson writes, out of love for its people and civilization, "to repay Italy [especially Sardinia] for the priceless gifts it had given him."

HE AIN'T HEAVY

In this spirit a devoted team of Confederate soldiers literally carried their beloved mortally wounded commander, James Johnston Pettigrew, 22 miles to a friendly haven following the Battle of Gettysburg.

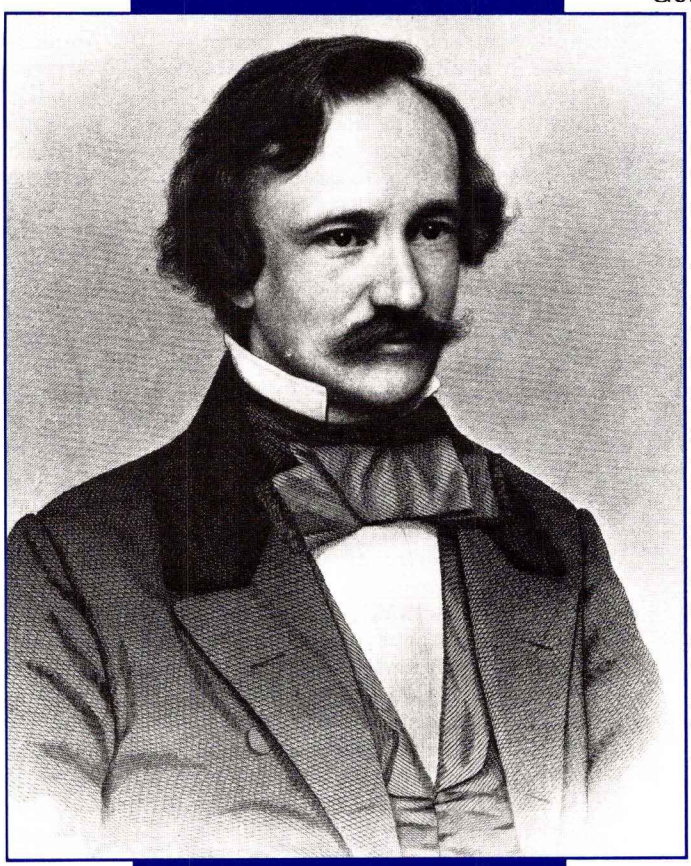
Brigadier General James Johnston Pettigrew was one of General Robert E. Lee's sterling lieutenants who inspired both confidence and devotion. A graduate of the University of North Carolina, he practiced law and served in the state legislature prior to the war. He also was active in the militia as Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Rifles in Charleston.

When the Federals occupied Fort Sumter, Pettigrew countered by manning Morris Island. In May 1861 he enlisted in Wade Hampton's Legion and was commissioned Colonel of the 12th North Carolina. The following February he was promoted to Brigadier General and assigned to General Joseph E. Johnston's army on the Peninsula.

At the battle of Seven Pines on May 31, 1862, Pettigrew was wounded, bayonetted and taken prisoner. Two months later he was exchanged and assigned to command the defenses of Petersburg. Prior to the Gettysburg campaign his North Carolina brigade was attached to General Henry Heth's division. When Heth was wounded on the first day at Gettysburg, Pettigrew succeeded him and commanded the division during Pickett's charge on the third day of the battle. Though wounded in the hand he was one of the last to withdraw from this ill-fated attack.

When Heth resumed command of the division after Gettysburg, Pettigrew returned to his brigade. About midnight of the night of July 13-14 while he and his men were guarding the army's crossing of the Potomac River near the hamlet of Falling Waters close to Hagerstown, Maryland, a group of saber-swinging Federal cavalry suddenly charged into their midst, yelling, "Surrender you damn rebels, surrender!" In the ensuing melee, Pettigrew was unhorsed. As he started to rise an enemy sergeant shot him in the groin.

Like many Carolinians of his time, Pettigrew sensed in the 1850s that "bad times seem to be approaching." So he mastered the literature of war, and mastered, too, the principles of combat. By 1856 he was senior aide-de-camp to the governor of South Carolina, and also a lieutenant colonel of the state militia. When war came in 1861, Pettigrew found himself assigned to remote points in the eastern Carolinas, but his devotion to discipline and detail, and especially his greatness as a man, were not unnoticed. He was wounded four times, taken prisoner (and later exchanged) once, and died, as Wilson so poignantly reports, "in a meaningless skirmish with a lost unit of Union cavalry." Indeed, the Yankee who shot him was at least lost, and probably drunk, when he stumbled into Pettigrew's camp at Falling Waters, in northwestern Virginia, a few days after Gettysburg.



Gettysburg..., O Gettysburg. It was to Pettigrew, many readers will recall, that Lee expressed his heart-rending confession, "It is all my fault," after Pickett's Charge evaporated on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge. For it was Pettigrew--not the moustachioed Virginian--who led more men, led them farther, and suffered more losses. Thus do Tar Heels to this day refer to Pettigrew's--not Pickett's--Charge... But of that aspect--the military one--of this great man's life, readers must turn for themselves to the pages of this singular and elegant contribution to the art of biography, the history of the war, and the civilization of the South. ✪

David Bovenizer, of Crozier, Virginia, is a Vice-President and Senior Editor at Regnery Gateway, Inc.

HE'S OUR GINRA ★★★★

Doctors immediately rushed to Pettigrew's side, but their examination revealed that the wound was mortal. Any chance to recover, they agreed, would require rest and care which he could not possibly get while the army was making its way across the swollen river and traveling over bumpy Virginia roads to the next encampment. His men urged him to let them leave him in a nearby barn where enemy surgeons would find and care for him.

But Pettigrew would not consent to any such proposal. He insisted that he would rather die than be taken prisoner again as at Seven Pines. So bowing to his wishes, his men gently carried him on a stretcher across the treacherous, raging river. Then they organized relay teams which carefully transported him a distance of 22 miles to the Boyd home in Bunker Hill. The General had known the Boyds as friends, and knew he would be safe in their care.

During the long, painful journey, General Pettigrew drew the admiration of his men by exclaiming cheerfully, "Boys, don't be disheartened; maybe I will fool the doctors yet." Thousands of soldiers prayed for his recovery, and General Lee took time from his many duties to ride part of the way beside his loyal stretcher-borne lieutenant. Finally arriving at the Boyd home in Bunker Hill, Pettigrew received tender loving care and rallied for several days. But on July 17, 1863, he succumbed and his body was buried at his family estate, "Bonarva" in North Carolina.

In 1918 the North Carolina Historical Commission and the North Carolina Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy jointly erected on the border of the Boyd estate an impressive monument honoring General Pettigrew. The plaque on the base of the towering memorial carries the following tribute of General Robert E. Lee to General Pettigrew: "He was a brave and accomplished officer and gentleman and his loss will be deeply felt by the country and the Army." ✪

-- William W. Hassler

CRITICUS BOOKS

Wendell Berry: More Than A Southern Thoreau

By Tom Rash

A Review of:
What Are People For? By Wendell Berry, North Point Press, 210 pp. Price $9.95, 1990.

"We should love life," Dostoyevski once said, "more than the idea of life." It is this concreteness, this rootedness, that seemingly inspirits the life and writings of Wendell Berry, whose most recent collection of essays, *What Are People For?*, further establishes him as one of the most disquieting yet compassionate and sane commentators on what Berry himself calls "the modern tragedy." In this book Berry once again extols many of the same virtues--family and community, individual responsibility, meaningful work and measured action. Yet as one reads the essays an important underlying and unifying theme--the struggle to avoid abstraction--emerges, a theme which reveals perhaps Berry's greatest concern about modern life. By continually reiterating the importance of concrete actions and concrete language, Berry once again warns us of the dangers of allowing corporations, governments, schools, churches or causes to lessen our humanity by defining us and our responsibilities in terms of a subsuming abstraction.

The French philosopher Gabriel Marcel uses the phrase "the spirit of abstraction" to describe "the inability to treat a human being as a human being, and for this human being the substituting of a certain idea, a certain abstract designation." It is, it seems, against this "spirit of abstraction" that Berry most persistently warns us, for one need only add the words "farm" and "community" to the Marcel quote to get at the heart of not only this latest work but also many of Berry's other writings. What can happen to a farm when it becomes "a certain abstract designation" is made clear in this489«@est work's opening and prefatory poem "Damage," a recounting of Berry's misguided attempt to build a farm pond on an unsuitable site. When the project fails, Berry realizes that he has himself played out "the modern tragedy." By relying on generalized expert advice instead of personal knowledge, he makes of his farm an abstraction, and although Berry writes that "[n]o expert knows everything about every place, not even everything about any place," it would seem that the lesson of the failed pond, as of most failures by experts, is that the particular is the very thing that experts do not know. Later, in the essay "An Argument for Diversity," Berry states that "[t]he challenge to the would-be scientists of an ecologically sane agriculture, as David Ehrenfeld has written, is 'to provide unique and particular answers to questions about a farmer's unique and particular land.'" For various reasons, primarily financial, it is a challenge that is not being met.

Just as the farmer can do damage by losing sight of the particular, however, so too can the consumer, on whom some of the blame for our current agricultural problems must be placed. Early in the essay "The Pleasures of Eating," Berry argues for eating as more than an abstract act of consumption:

> *I begin with the proposition that eating is an agricultural act. Eating ends the annual drama of the food economy that begins with planting and birth. Most eaters, however, are no longer aware that this is true. They think of food as an agricultural product, perhaps, but they do not think of themselves as participants in agriculture. They think of themselves as "consumers."*

Later in the same essay Berry writes that for today's consumers, "food is pretty much an abstract idea." This insightful essay, criticizing what Berry calls "the industrial eater," is an excellent example of how well Berry clarifies for his readers not only the issues but also the implications of the issues. What he senses us losing by "industrial eating" is both complex and important. Corporate food is inferior food in every way except perhaps in convenience, yet even this convenience is gained at a high price. That family meals should be communal and ritualistic has long been one of our region's strongest unstated beliefs. By eating out at every meal or by buying prepackaged food, we cheat ourselves and our families of the joy and wholesomeness of not only the well-prepared food but also of the ritual of preparation and the communion of the shared table. It is not nostalgia, but common sense, that laments the decline of the family meal.

Extending the problem of abstraction even further, Berry discusses, in several of this collection's essays, how communities too can be affected by the failure of some organization to see both specifically and wholly. Perhaps the most interesting discussion along these lines is found in the essay "God and Country," in which Berry criticizes the organized church for having too easy an alliance with "those economic practices that its truth forbids and that its vocation is to correct." One example of this is the practice of sending out callow ministers into rural areas to receive their training, only to have them return to the city once they have gained experience. To Berry, this practice is little more than colonialism, with rural areas serving, as usual, as "sources of economic power to be exploited for the advantage of 'better' places." Berry, typically, is careful to note that not all young ministers would be happy and helpful staying in a rural area, but, he goes on to add, in his fifty years in his own community, "many student ministers have been 'called' to serve in its churches, but not one has been 'called' to stay."

These questionable church practices, however, only reflect the much larger and much more pervasive pattern of exploitation carried out by the corporations that move into small communities. What these corporations see, of course, is cheap labor, low taxes, and, worst of all, pandering politicians; what they do not see is the fragile web of interdependence that makes a small com-

munity so desirable a place to live and so easy a place to destroy. Once the influx of workers begins; once the small, locally owned market is replaced by a Bi Lo; once the McDonald's moves in; once the weedlike realty signs begin popping up, usually in front of the same houses, it is too late for anything except regret. It is this loss that Berry sees as inevitable once a community forsakes farming and small business. Typically, this process is accelerated by the indoctrination of the community's youth, who are encouraged either to move to the city or to return to their hometowns to bring the good news of progress to the locals. One of the great ironies of any faith that a small community may have in higher education is that quite often colleges and universities turn the community's sons and daughters into professionals so dazzled by the idea of progress that they are blind to the irreparable harm done in its name. As Berry succinctly puts it: *Thus the abstract and extremely tentative value of money is thoughtlessly allowed to replace the particular and fundamental values of the lives of household and community.*

In the twenty essays in this collection, the word "abstraction" (or "abstract") appears over and over, reiterating Berry's many concerns with its effects. Another aspect of this concern is evident in the opening essay, "A Remarkable Man," in which Berry praises the concrete language and actions of a black farmer whose oral history, *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw*, Berry is reviewing. Nate Shaw, the pseudonym of this Alabama-born farmer, had, as Berry writes, an intelligence that "was a meditation upon experience, always related to acts." It is the particular character of both the man and his language that makes especially unsupportable the claim by some that Shaw is in some ways Faulknerian. Interestingly, Berry attributes this somewhat farfetched notion to misguided liberal sentiments, which, no doubt, is in part the case, but it is useful to keep in mind just how frequently critics fall back on comparisons to Faulkner, Southern literature's cynosure. White writers also find themselves gratuitously compared to Faulkner. Perhaps the editor only was trying to encourage serious consideration of a black writer for whom he feared condescension, but, more than likely, he was also demonstrating the same critical Pavlovianism that one sees in so many commentators on Southern literature.

Losing sight of the individual is also an issue in the essay "A Few Words in Favor of Edward Abbey." Berry's point about Abbey is that he must be taken as a whole. Environmentalists especially want to claim Abbey for themselves yet are intolerant of the sometimes contradictory and controversial views that he holds. The heart of the matter, of course, is that causes rarely do tolerate diversity of opinion, for all of their talk of open-mindedness and fairness. With Abbey, Berry notes, there is no choice, for "to avail ourselves of the considerable pleasure of Edward Abbey, we will have to like him as he is." To return to the Marcel quote, Abbey cannot be substituted for an idea, a fact that holds for Wendell Berry as well. Regular readers of Berry know that he much prefers individual action to that of the group, and anyone reading this essay has to feel that Berry is speaking of himself as well when he warns against enlisting Abbey in any cause.

Of the many examples of the subsuming of an individual by an idea, however, none is more telling than that Berry chronicles in the short reprint from *Harper's* "Why I Am Not Going to Buy A Computer," in the subsequent letters to the editors of *Harper's*, in Berry's rebuttal to these letters, and in the essay "Feminism, the Body, and the Machine." The computer essay discusses why, for various reasons, Berry chooses to write with a pencil and to use his wife as his typist and editor, instead of buying a computer to do word processing. This fairly modest proposal, however, elicits a number of indignant letters to the editor, a reaction Berry attributes in part to his "hav[ing] scratched the skin of a technological fundamentalism." No specific criticism is more provocative, however, than the charge that Berry is enslaving his wife by having her type and edit his writing. As Berry notes, it is very difficult to defend against attacks on one's personal life, but he does so, pointedly, especially in the following two paragraphs:

That feminists or any other advocates of human liberty and dignity should resort to insult and injustice is regrettable. It is equally regrettable that all of the feminist attacks on my essay implicitly deny the validity of two decent and probably necessary possibilities: marriage as a state of mutual help, and the household as an economy.

Marriage, in what is evidently its most popular version, is now on the one hand an intimate "relationship" involving (ideally) two successful careerists in the same bed, and on the other hand a sort of private political system in which rights and interests must be constantly asserted and defended. Marriage, then, has now taken the form of divorce: a prolonged and impassioned negotiation as to how things shall be divided. During their understandably temporary association, the "married" couple will typically consume a large quantity of merchandise and a large portion of each other.

The irony here, of course, is that enslavement of any sort, whether by another person, by a machine, or by an idea, is fundamentally contradicted by all that Berry espouses. Indeed, enslavement of another sort is what characterizes these feminist ideologues who fail to see the unfairness (and irony) of expecting others to sacrifice personal choice to political correctness.

Berry's original essay and his response to the *Harpers's* letters should be required reading in all freshman English classes (and beyond, of course); however, it is likely that only the original essay will be taught, probably as an example of how blind a writer can be to the implications of his own words. Perhaps such pessimism is unwarranted, for Berry's other writings are beginning to make their way into that great marketplace of ideas--the freshman reader, and, with our country's growing ecology movement, general interest should continue to increase, also. That Berry is being read by more people is of great importance to us all, for we will ignore him at our own peril. Because our lives are so circumscribed by "the spirit of abstraction," it is especially important that this latest collection be read and contemplated, not only because we share Berry's love of "light, air, water, earth; plants and animals; human families and communities; the traditions of decent life, good work, and responsible thought; the religious traditions; the essential stories and songs," but also because we must constantly be reminded of what Paul Johnson calls "the utter heartlessness of ideas." ✪

Tom Rash is a free-lance writer and teacher living in Asheville, North Carolina.

CRITICUS BOOKS

Stealing History

By Charles Goolsby

A Review of:
The Years of Lyndon Johnson: Means of Ascent by Robert A. Caro (Knopf Publishing Company) 1990. 506 pp. $24.95.

"I have read his bandit gospel writ in burnished rows of steel: 'As ye deal with my pretensions, so with you my wrath shall deal; Let the faithless son of Freedom crush the patriot with his heel; Lo, Greed is marching on.'"

Mark Twain
A Pen Warmed-Up In Hell

In their adulatory screed, *Lyndon, Washington Post* editors Haynes Johnson and Richard Harwood wrote of LBJ in 1973: "Someday he will have his biographer, and it will take the talents of a Mark Twain to capture him." Confident that, despite the crucible of Vietnam, "history will judge him gently," Harwood and Johnson still lamented the public outcry that forced their flawed paladin's retirement to the banks of the Pedernales "to await a more compassionate judgment." The biographer they heralded published his first volume in 1982. Eight years later, in volume two, he renders a preliminary judgement with " a pen warmed-up in Hell. "

Robert A. Caro's *Means of Ascent,* the second volume of his magnum opus, *The Years of Lyndon Johnson,* focuses on the seven lean years of Johnson's political life. The Pulitzer prize-winning author notes that from July, 1941 until his sordid triumph over Coke Stevenson in the 1948 Senate primary campaign, Johnson "lost his toehold on national power. And with the death of his greatest patron, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, he lost even the aura of a White House favorite."

The story begins as war comes to America. Congressman Johnson is forced to make some effort to honor his oft-repeated campaign promise "to be in the front line, in the trenches, in the mud and blood with your boys," when duty called. Caro carefully documents Johnson's energetic efforts to delay the call of duty, or at least to have it call him to a big federal agency in Washington rather than a small foxhole in the South Pacific. Failing in this, Johnson submits to the absolute political necessity to "see combat." And "see" it he does, Caro notes, as an observer, not a combatant, for one mission only. It must be admitted, of course, that even one combat mission can be enough to get a man killed, and Caro does not minimize the danger to which Johnson voluntarily subjected himself in the June, 1942 B-26 raid on the Japanese base at Lae. Though he contributed nothing to the work of the plane's crew, according to Caro, Johnson behaved well under fire--well enough to merit a Silver Star from his politically sensitive commander, General Douglas MacArthur. No other member of the crew received a decoration for the mission. Caro indignantly observes that some of the crewmen "were to fly twenty-five missions without receiving any medal, much less one as prized as the Silver Star." Caro quotes a Johnson protege, Joe Kilgore, as recalling that, in years to come, Johnson "bitched and bitched because he only got the Silver Star." Now a grizzled combat veteran, Johnson could safely afford to resign his commission and resume his seat in Congress.

In a chapter entitled "Buying and Selling," Caro explodes the carefully constructed myth of Ladybird's business acumen, supposedly the only source of the fabulous wealth Lyndon began to amass in the post-war years. Caro details Johnson's wire-pulling at the FCC to prevent conservative rancher J. M. West from acquiring KTBC in Austin and enable Ladybird to purchase the potentially lucrative radio station--the foundation of Johnson's financial empire--at a bargain price. In telling this squalid story, Caro relies on FCC records and interviews with Tommy Corcoran, George Brown, and other parties to the controversy still among the living--except one. Cowman and historian J. Evetts Haley is conspicuously absent from Caro's account of the KTBC scandal except for a couple of citations from *A Texan Looks at Lyndon.* In an apologetic footnote apparently written to assuage his fellow liberals, Caro explains:

"Haley's book is an anti-Johnson polemic which could not be confirmed on many points, but unlike the rest of the book, his description of the negotiations between Ulmer and West at this time is firsthand, since he was J. M. West's general range manager, and represented West in many business affairs -- including West's attempt to purchase KTBC."

Omitting any reference to Haley in his index and his "selected bibliography," Caro observes the taboo that liberal academe placed more than five decades ago on one of the truly great historians of the American Southwest. With the exception of Ronnie Dugger (who actually did interview Mr. Haley in 1967) the rest of Johnson's claque of liberal biographers, including Eric F. Goldman, Frank Cormier, Doris Kearns, Harwood and Johnson, and Merle Miller, seem never to have even heard of J. Evetts Haley. Yet Haley, who ran for governor of Texas in 1956, was a prominent, lifelong political foe of Johnson. His book, *A Texan Looks at Lyndon: A Study in Illegitimate Power,* undoubtedly remains the most widely read of all the seventeen biographies of "Landslide Lyndon." Caro's failure to

seek an interview with the still-active and very accessible Texas historian is disappointing and, a bit puzzling since Mr. Haley is very much "out of the old rock" that produced the hero of Caro's narrative--cowboy and patriarch, Coke Stevenson.

In chapter eight, "The Story of Coke Stevenson," Caro portrays the man he calls "the living personification of frontier individualism, the very embodiment of the myth of the cowboy, a myth that still, today, reverberates through the American culture with astonishing power." In prose that verges on lyric, Caro captures the courage, integrity, gentility, and patriotism that made Coke Stevenson the most beloved governor Texas has ever known. The six chapters that follow tell the story of perhaps the most controversial (and certainly the most far-reaching) Senate campaign in modern American history.

Stevenson had never sought public office. He had overcome severe poverty and a lack of formal education to become a successful cattle rancher and a noted attorney. Such was his reputation for honesty and efficiency, his neighbors persuaded him to serve as Kimble County Commissioner. Later, they sent him to Austin to look after the state's business. Before long, he was Speaker of the House; then Lieutenant Governor; then Governor of Texas. Caro notes:

In 1946, he was asked--by newspaper editorials, by politicians, and by letters pouring in a flood into the gubenatorial mansion--to run for an unprecedented third term as Governor. Polls showed that his popularity was as immense as ever; even the liberal Austin American Statesman *was forced to report that he was so idolized in the capital that one state official 'seems to think that when he dies he will go to Coke Stevenson.'*

That Lyndon Johnson deeply coveted a seat in the United States Senate is evident from Caro's account (in volume one) of Lyndon's fiercely fought and lost campaign of 1941. Governor W. Lee "Pass the biscuits, Pappy" O'Daniel had stolen the primary and Lyndon was not quite experienced enough to steal it back. 1948 would be different.

Johnson's campaign methods, analyzed in great detail by Caro, were a unique and potent blend of old and new. He easily mastered the old circus sideshow, populist gimmicks that "Pappy" had used so effectively in 1941. To the traditional hillbilly bands, posters, barbecues, and histrionic oratory, Johnson added a few special touches of his own. He was the first politician to campaign from a helicopter. The sheer novelty of the strange-looking craft was a major crowd-fetcher. Caro argues convincingly that Johnson's helicopter blitz of Texas was decisive in whittling down Stevenson's tremendous lead. But helicopters and hillbillies were not enough to beat a man like Stevenson. To do that, Johnson would apply the techniques of mass propaganda that had made Adolph Hitler's Third Reich. He flooded rural mail boxes with campaign broadsides cleverly printed to resemble ordinary newspapers. He saturated the airwaves with outrageous charges that Stevenson was secretly in league with corrupt "pro-Communist" union bosses (in actual fact it was Johnson who was receiving secret cash support from leftist union leaders such as David Dubinsky). At every city and country town Johnson shrieked that Stevenson would take away veterans pensions! Stevenson would halt all road construction! Stevenson would appease Stalin and vote for unilateral U.S. disarmament! So the charges went--over, and over, and over again.

To Stevenson, Johnson's campaign speeches were simply tissues of lies--lies too phantastic to deserve the dignity of a reply. But Johnson knew how effective the "Big Lie" could be on a credulous and ignorant mass. He knew the power of hate, envy, and fear.

Stevenson never saw Texas voters as a mass to be manipulated. They were his neighbors. He treated them as individuals. He appealed to their good sense. He trusted them. Too many Texans betrayed that trust.

Stevenson was also betrayed by men of better breeding; men who should have known better. Caro charges that at a critical moment in the campaign, an influential group of "wealthy reactionaries" switched their support from Stevenson to Johnson. (Caro names one of these as Carr P. Collins of Dallas. Ironically, Robert Caro lists among his literary credits the "Carr P. Collins Award" from the Texas Institute of Letters.) "Stevenson," Caro notes, "had always been too independent for their taste, too proud, not nearly subservient enough; not subservient at all, in fact." This kind of misbehavior of the "natural leaders" of Southern society had called forth the populist champions of the nineteenth century, such as "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman and Tom Watson. By the middle of the twentieth century, the self-interested aristocracy had learned to rely on the new breed of ersatz populists, personified by Lyndon Johnson.

Money, lies, and dirty tricks were still not enough to steal Coke Stevenson's victory. There would have to be voting fraud too. In chapter 13, "The Stealing," Caro tells the story of "Ballot Box 13." Readers of the *Southern Partisan* are too familiar with this thrice-told tale to need any repetition here. Caro does supply some new details, unavailable to J. Evetts Haley when he first hurled the charge of fraud in the face of the all-powerful President and the liberal establishment that reigned and ruled with him. It's amusing to read the praises of Caro's putative revelation ringing from the pages of *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* and from old Johnson sycophants like Merle Miller. These are the very publications and propagandists that so willingly helped Johnson in his rise to illegitimate power. Truly, of them it can be said, "they have all the qualities of dogs, except loyalty."

Former White House staffer Doris Kearns recalls working with Johnson on his Presidential memoirs. To the very end, Johnson wanted to substitute lies for truth. Often, when she attempted to remain true to the record, Johnson would explode, "Goddamit. I can't say this," despite the fact that he *had* said it. Once he ranted: "For Christ's sake get that vulgar language out of there. What do you think this is, the tale of an uneducated cowboy? It's a presidential memoir, damn it, and I've got to come out looking like a statesman, not some backwoods politician."

Johnson had hoped to steal an honored place in history as he had stolen Coke Stevenson's place in the Senate. For most of us in Texas who remember the man and his legacy, Lyndon Johnson will always be a "backwoods politician," but with none of the virtues of backwoods people. ✪

Charles Goolsby is an editorial writer with the Voice of America in Washington, D.C. and producer/host of "The Bookman's Corner" on Channel 33 in Arlington, Virginia.

ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

a collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

It's An Ad, Ad, Ad, Ad World

The average American consumer is bombarded with hundreds of commercial messages a day, and some experts claim that the average child sees and hears 100,000 pitches before being old enough to attend school. Sometimes it seems that, in these messages, both the sponsors and the advertising agencies have abandoned the struggle to communicate clearly, washing their hands of sense and meaning.

As the following classified classics will demonstrate, there are often more laughs on the advertising and classified pages than you can find in the cartoons and comic strips:

* *Dinner Special - Turkey $2.35; Chicken or Roast Beef $2.25; Children $2.00.*
* *For sale: antique desk suitable for lady with thick legs and large drawers.*
* *Four-poster bed, 101 years old. Perfect for antique lover.*
* *Great Dames for sale.*
* *We do not tear your clothing with machinery. We do it carefully by hand.*
* *Dogs for sale: eats anything and is fond of children.*
* *Get rid of aunts: Zap does the job in 24 hours.*
* *Wanted: Part-time married girls for soda fountain in sandwich shop.*
* *Wanted: Hair-cutter. Excellent growth potential.*
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* *Auto Repair Service. Free pick-up and delivery. Try us once, you'll never go anywhere again.*
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* *Girl wanted to assist magician in cutting-off head illusion. Blue Cross and salary.*
* *We will oil your sewing maching and adjust ten sion in your home for $1.00.*
* *Illiterate? Write today for free help.*
* *Used Cars: Why go else where to be cheated? Come here first!*
* *Men wanted for dynamite factory. Must be willing to travel.*
* *Lost: small apricot poodle. Reward. Neutered. Like one of the family.* ✪

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ON THE FAMILY

A family...thrives best on some fixed location, which holds the memories of past generations...

Andrew Lytle

ON KNOWLEDGE

It is only the ignorant who suppose themselves omniscient.

R.E. Lee

ON JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

He was a follower neither of men's opinions nor their fortunes, and he did not feel that a bold utterance needed apology.

Richard M. Weaver

ON THE SOUTHERN PLANTER

His code demanded courtesy, deference to women, hospitality to strangers, defense of his honor, consideration for social inferiors.

Rollin G. Osterweis

ON URBAN BLIGHT

I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health and the liberties of man.

Thomas Jefferson

ON SLAVERY

Slavery being a fact is chargeable on the past; it cannot, by our system, be abolished except by force and consequent breaking up of our present government.

W. T. Sherman, 1856

✪

ROD GRAGG

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

Tennessee's Forgotten Warriors: Frank Cheatham and His Confederate Division.

By Christopher Losson. 352 pp. University of Tennessee Press. $24.95.

So great was his fame in the postwar South,that when General Frank Cheatham died in 1886, more than 30,000 people attended his funeral. Today Cheatham is familiar only to serious students of the War Between the States and is generally unknown to most Southerners.

There is great irony in that fact, for few Confederate officers fought so long and hard for Southern independence as did Frank Cheatham. His life and wartime exploits are revealed now in this well-researched, well-written biography by Christopher Losson.

Losson's portrait of Cheatham is a revealing flesh-and-blood depiction. Cheatham was more of a Forrest than a Lee. He was profane, given to occasional drunkenness, and "was not averse to gambling." Like Forrest, he was also often in the thick of battle--at bloody struggles like Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, Franklin and Nashville. He and his division played a major role in the Confederate struggle for nationhood and author Losson has done a creditable job of recording their history.

An Irishman in Dixie: Thomas Conolly's Diary of the Fall of the Confederacy.

Edited by Nelson D. Lankford. 154 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $24.95.

Like countless other men and women of the 19th century, Thomas Conolly kept a diary. What makes his journal special is the fact that, in it, he recorded a day-by-day account of the fall of the Confederacy. A member of the British Parliament, Conolly came to the CSA in February of 1865 aboard a blockade runner. Deposited on the coast of North Carolina south of Wilmington, he made his way through the Carolina swamps and pine forests only days ahead of Sherman's hordes--reaching Richmond in time to meet Lee, dine with Davis and experience society life in the Confederate capital. And then the city fell. Conolly recorded it all, giving us a unique snapshot of the death of a nation.

His diary was recently discovered in Europe and is now published in full for the first time. It is a fascinating first-person account, providing a colorful glimpse of both the rural South and the urban society of Richmond on the eve of disaster. One of the most dramatic diary entries was made on Sunday, April 2, 1865, when Conolly saw President Davis hastily leave a Richmond church in mid-service. Conolly's account:

The sexton having stealthily whispered to Jeff Davis, he rises and leaves the church. Then the same operation to one and a second member of the Government both follow suit, people begin to whisper, when as if a curiosity long suppressed had ignited, they rose in tens and 20's and left the church.

Such is the nature of Conolly's diary. More than 125 years later, students of the Confederacy can only be thankful that Conolly recorded the events he observed--and that Nelson Lankford, editor of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography,* made a timely rescue of Conolly's account.

Tour Guide to the Civil War.

By Alice Cromie. 320 pp. Rutledge Hill Press. $12.95

Alice Cromie's *Tour Guide* has probably occupied more automobile glove compartments than any other book about the War. First published in 1964 and later revised, it is now reprinted by Nashville-based Rutledge Hill Press. Author Cromie, who also compiled a similar work on the Old West, did a masterful job of assembling information about war-related sites in the continental United States. From Florida to Washington state, she lists points of interest to students of the Late Unpleasantness. Included are battlefields great and small, museums, historic homes, cemeteries, period churches and out-of-the-way historic sites. Illustrated with period art and state maps, Cromie's *Tour Guide* has the predictable major listings, but the beauty of the book lies in its obscure citations. Where else would you learn that the Confederate government-in-exile of Missouri was established at 402 S. Bolivar Street in Marshall, Texas? Or that the Fort Zachary Taylor Historic Site in Key West, Florida claims to have America's largest collection of cannon from the War Between the States?

Jefferson Davis and His Generals.

By Steven E. Woodworth. 380 pp. University Press of Kansas. $25.00.

The War was lost in the West and the loss was due greatly to indecisive and inconsistent actions by Commander-in-Chief Jefferson Davis. That is the basic observation to be drawn from this new biography of the Confederacy's only President by Steven Woodworth, a history instructor at Georgia's Toccoa Falls College. It is not a new thesis, but author Woodworth makes it with impressive style and credible research. Much of the work is based on primary sources of the Jefferson Davis Association at Rice University. It is not a generally unflattering or unkind biography--it is simply unblinking as it probes Davis' strengths and weaknesses.

"Assessing Jefferson Davis as a commander-in-chief is a complex task," Woodworth writes. "The simple labels of 'success' or 'failure' will not do for him. Nor do the words 'greatness' or 'mediocrity' fit the facts of his case. The true measure of this unusual man is far more complicated and much more difficult to package neatly. He had tremendous strengths. He undertook an enormous task. He made many good decisions at times when a mistake would have been fatal to his cause. Few could have done as well, and very few could have done better. In the end he fell short, not because the task was impossible, but because he was wanting in only a few qualities that separate the great victors in history from the great vanquished."

Much of the biographical literature about Jefferson Davis examines his personality traits and how they affected his judgment. Woodworth follows suit, although his analysis may be more perceptive, more gracefully rendered than the observations of other Davis biographers. It was said of Davis that he never forgot a friend, nor forgave an enemy and Woodworth makes that application with the Western generals.

Davis' most serious failing, in Woodworth's view, was the president's indecisive nature. Indecision is not a character trait naturally associated with the determined, often courageous Davis, but Woodworth makes his case in a credible manner. He cites the President's reluctance to remove proven failures like the hapless Braxton Bragg, his hesitancy to concentrate the Confederacy's armies into a point of power, his reluctance to promote younger officers and replace older ones. All these criticisms can be supported by evidence, but they can also be challenged. Davis honored loyalty, demanded allegiance, respected experience, and was understandably reluctant to sacrifice ideals (such as states' rights) for the kind of pragmatic decison-making that often led to military success.

In the end, Woodworth writes, Davis alone can hardly be blamed for the Confederate defeat. The South *could have won,* he observes, with or without Jefferson Davis. Indeed, he proposes, the South probably *would have won* if all Southerners had done their duty as well as Jefferson Davis: "If every Southerner--or even all of the South's generals--had performed as well as Davis did, it is difficult to imagine how the South could have lost." ✪

Reviewer Rod Gragg's latest book on the War, *Confederate Goliath: The Battle of Fort Fisher,* will be published by Harper and Row later this year.

BOOK NOTES

Blacks in Blue and Gray:

By H. C. Blackerby, Tuscaloosa, Alabama: Portals Press, 1979.

The cover of this very interesting book states:

There can be no more devastating piece of revisionist Civil War history than a demonstration that the Confederacy employed far more blacks in its struggle for secession than the Federal Government employed in its struggle for Union; and, further, that the Confederacy employed black troops from the onset of hostilities, whereas the Federal Government did not recruit blacks until the war was half over.

The author's purpose in writing is well expressed in the "Preface," where Blackerby states:

This book is intended more as a memorial to blacks' service for the Confederacy than for the Union. Most of the blacks in military service during the Civil War were *Confederates. The reading public, however, is almost totally unaware of how extensively the Confederacy benefited from blacks in its military service; whereas black service for the Union has been fairly well publicized, though not often with regard to the disabilities endured by blacks rendering this service.*

Blackerby points out quite convincingly that, contrary to what is normally reported, blacks fought for the South before they fought for the North and that the Northern resistance to secession affected all Southerners, black as well as white. In support of his positions, he quotes a black Union soldier, Christian A. Fleetwood, who observed:

It seems a little singular that in the tremendous struggle between the States in 1861-1865, the South should have been the first to take steps toward the enlistment of Negroes. Yet such is the fact...What would have been the result of the war had the South kept up this policy, enlisted the freeman, and emancipated the enlisting slaves and their families? The immense addition to their fighting forces, the quick recognition of them by Great Britain, to which slavery was the greatest bar, and the fact that the heart of the Negro was with the South but for slavery, and the case stands clear.

Blackerby discusses the debate between Confederate Generals Patrick R. Cleburne and Howell Cobb over the issue of black soldiers. Cleburne, an Irishman who had never owned a slave, outraged many of his peers on January 2, 1864 by writing a circular letter to President Jefferson Davis, advocating freedom for all slaves who were willing to fight for the Confederacy. A man of great courage, Cleburne risked lack of promotion and court martial in writing this important document. Cobb denounced Cleburne's proposal as "the most pernicious idea that has been suggested since the war began." General Robert E. Lee agreed with Cleburne rather than Cobb and influenced the passage of the watered-down "Negro Soldier Act" of March 1865. However, before the act could be fully implemented, Lee surrendered and the war was over. One wonders if the outcome of the war might have been different if the Confederacy had listened to General Cleburne when he made his proposal.

Blackerby brings out a number of little known facts concerning black involvement in the war. He discusses the sacrifices made by the women of the South, black as well as white, on behalf of the Confederate cause. He mentions "Confederate Mary," a black spy who did for the South what Harriett Tubman did for the North. He reports monuments to Confederate blacks in Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia. This is quite interesting, in view of the fact that there are no monuments to Union blacks in the North. Also interesting is the employment of a black doorman named Robert Brown at the office of Jefferson Davis in Richmond--in view of the fact that no blacks were thus employed at Abraham Lincoln's White House.

Union support for slavery is a little known fact to which Blackerby gives much attention. One of the ironies of this period of history is the fact that Ulysses S. Grant owned slaves while Robert E. Lee did not. Blackerby also mentions slave ownership by many Union politicians and soldiers, including General H. H. Lockwood, who once ordered the whipping of a captured Confederate black. Anti-black sentiments of Generals McClellan, Sherman, and Butler are welldocumented. Another interesting fact presented is Lincoln's pleading a case before an Illinois judge, requesting that his slaveowner client be permitted to remove his slaves to a Southern state.

Blackerby is not the first historian to point out the discrimination and mistreatment experienced by black Union soldiers. However, he goes into greater detail than most in describing it. He reports the reluctance of the Union to use black soldiers and the fact that

there was never any serious consideration of equal pay for blacks or for integration of military units. He quotes one black Unionist who said, "I never knew what slavery was like 'til I joined the army."

Blackerby points out the widespread Confederate sympathies found among New Orleans blacks after the occupation by Union troops under General Benjamin F. Butler in 1862. He reports voodoo rituals performed by black women, who hoped to place spells and curses on General Butler, who did not free New Orleans slaves but returned them to the plantations to work for the Union, making his soldiers their overseers. Most people will agree that it's no improvement to swap a master in a gray uniform for a master in a blue uniform. He gives an interesting discussion of Butler's recruitment of black soldiers, stating:

Some of these blacks had been in the Native Guard, the showpiece of New Orleans....When Butler first interviewed the officers of the Guard--"black and mulatto, light and dark colored"...they assured Butler that, if they had objected to the Confederate service, their property would have been seized...They regarded--as better than imprisonment--the exchange of their gray state militia uniform for the blue of Lincoln's soldiers.

He presents Butler as a military and political opportunist.

Altogether, according to Blackerby, 300,000 blacks served the Confederate Army in some way. Many of these received Confederate pensions. The exact number cannot be determined, as Tennessee was the only Southern state to list pensioners according to race. In 1920, 284 blacks applied for pensions in Tennessee. These included Henry Winfield, bodyguard to Jefferson Davis.

Blackerby's research does much to lay to rest the false claim that all of the Rebels were pro-slavery and all of the Yankees were anti-slavery. No doubt much racism existed on both sides but there were nevertheless men of goodwill in both Northern and Southern camps. Though some may question the wisdom of black support for the South, this book firmly establishes that black support for the Confederacy existed.

-- Rev. Robert L. Uzzel
Chairman
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Waco, Texas

The Hunt Out of the Thicket

by John Morel Adler. Chapel Hill: Algonquin, 1990. Pp. 193. Clothbound. $14.95 ISBN 0-945575-06-8.

Leave it to a magazine published in New York city and calling itself "The International News Magazine of Book Publishing" to misinterpret a book about life in the South.

Publisher's Weekly recently wrote that the book 's depiction of hunting "as an almost mystical experience," was a "romanticization of violence," and predicted that some readers might be "put off" by this. *PW* is obviously referring to a story with the same title as the book, which is only chapter 1 of many stories.

The reviewer is equally confused by "Unimproved Property," a story *Southern Partisan* readers will immediately recognize as a well placed missile at the New South developer type. Author Adler is writing of his first tour of an area he had played in as a child since it had been "developed." These are his thoughts as he arrives at the entrance with his host, a self-satisfied realtor:

"The last sign had been sandblasted in order to make the wood look weathered. Some landscape architect had planted river birches and juniper in precise, round patches in front of the sign. I had seen almost the same plantings in front of new subdivisions up in New Jersey..."

As he gets closer to the place he knew he is concerned:

"I knew that the church would be on the other side of the turn, and then, a fifth of a mile or so, Rachel's house. I felt sick at the thought of seeing the place in shambles, or with twenty condominiums and people with tennis rackets in its place. Better a ruin, I thought."

Rounding the corner, he finds "Rachel's house" just as he remembered it. Not a palace, but a part of his childhood, a place where an old black mammy taught him about life in his hometown. Apologetically, the realtor begins to describe the run down condition, saying it was "unimproved." At this the author begins to improve the mind of the realtor, explaining the taste of rabbit stew, the thrill of working in a garden, the exhilaration of feeling dirt between his toes, and the joy of sitting for hours and listening to the stories of the old black lady who lived there. He punctuates his speech with the kicker: "Enough of your improved property!"

Publisher's Weekly says "Unimproved Property" is about "a real estate agent's racist attitude." Wrong. The real estate agent was a New South-er, one who thinks the South needs to be "improved." Those words could just have easily been spoken by a Buppie (Black Urban Professional) as by a white Yuppie. The target of scorn could even have been a visiting white Yankee who writes for *Publisher's Weekly*. New York is looking for racism down here, and they usually find it. How do you explain to them that memories of the old days unite a lot of us still...black and white. ✪

--Oran P. Smith

Classified

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CIVIL WAR VIDEO SOURCE GUIDE: Lists over 150 VHS tapes relating to American Civil War. Includes suppliers' names and telephone numbers. Send $5.00 check to: R. D'Ambrisi, 3519 Leslie Way #4, Laurel, MD 20704.

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5. Complete Mailing Address of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher (Not printer)
1703 Gervais Street, Columbia, Richland, South Carolina 29201

6. Full Names and Complete Mailing Address of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor (This item MUST NOT be blank)

Publisher (Name and Complete Mailing Address)	Charles Scott Hamel Post Office Box 206 Chapin, S.C. 29036
Editor (Name and Complete Mailing Address)	Richard M. Quinn Post Office Box 11708 Columbia, S.C. 29211
Managing Editor (Name and Complete Mailing Address)	Oran P. Smith Post Office Box 11708 Columbia, S.C. 29211

7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.) (Item must be completed.)

Full Name	Complete Mailing Address
Southern Partisan Corporation	Post Office Box 11708
Richard M. Quinn	Columbia, SC. 29211

8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities (If there are none, so state)

Full Name	Complete Mailing Address
None	

9. For Completion by Nonprofit Organizations Authorized To Mail at Special Rates (DMM Section 424.12 only)
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes (Check one) N.A.
(1) ☐ Has Not Changed During Preceding 12 Months (2) ☐ Has Changed During Preceding 12 Months (If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)

10. Extent and Nature of Circulation (See instructions on reverse side)	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies (Net Press Run)	7,000	7,090
B. Paid and/or Requested Circulation 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	432	432
2. Mail Subscription (Paid and/or requested)	4,724	4,854
C. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)	5,156	5,286
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or Other Means Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	1,455	955
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	6,611	6,241
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G. TOTAL (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)	7,000	7,000

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Signature and Title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner: Ella V. Smith for R. M. Quinn

PS Form 3526, Dec. 1985 (See instructions on reverse)

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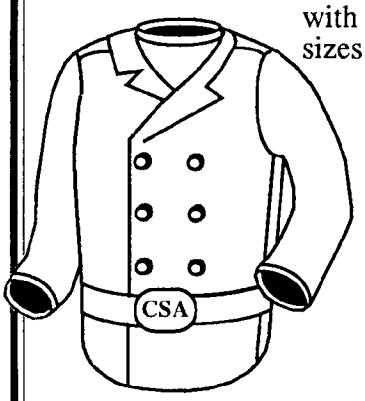

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